the weekly Standard

JUNE 20, 2005 • $3.95

THE LADY IS A PHILOSOPHER
HARVEY MANSFIELD

HUNTING BUBBA

Can political consultant Dave "Mudcat" Saunders win rural voters back to the Democratic party?

BY MATT LABASH

*****AUTO**5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 WK S615
RON UNZ JUN 19 06
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE COULD SAVE BILLIONS IN HEALTHCARE COSTS IF WE COULD JUST GET AMERICANS ON THEIR FEET.

Walking 10,000 steps a day can help Americans lose weight, lower their cholesterol and reduce the risk of heart attack. Tackling preventable health problems not only saves lives, it could save the healthcare system up to $77 billion a year.

That's why BlueCross and BlueShield Plans launched WalkingWorks℠ – to encourage people to simply add steps to their daily routines.

It's not brain surgery. Just another easy way to help keep healthcare affordable.

To find out more about our WalkingWorks℠ program, visit walkingworks.com.

BlueCross BlueShield Association
An Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans

Healthcare. Affordable. Now.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

June 20, 2005 • Volume 10, Number 38

2 Scrapbook ..... *John Kerry, Ward Churchill, and more.*

4 Casual ..... *Duncan Currie, girly man.*

6 Correspondence ..... *On Mitt Romney.*

7 Editorial ..... *What America Can Do for Europe*

Articles

11 Winning Ugly *Republicans are doing better than you think.* ..... BY FRED BARNES

12 A Fix on Downing Street *About that supposed smoking-gun memo.* ..... BY TOD LINDBERG

16 A Continent Made Up of Nations *In Europe, e pluribus, pluribus.* ..... BY PHILIP TERZIAN

17 What Fathers Do Best *Hint: Not the same things as mothers.* ..... BY STEVEN E. RHOADS

18 The Failure of Europe in Bosnia *And the continuing infiltration of Islamic extremists.* ..... BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Cover: Courtesy of Dave Saunders

Features

22 Hunting Bubba

Can political consultants Dave "Mudcat" Saunders and Steve Jarding win rural voters back to the Democratic party? ..... BY MATT LABASH

Books & Arts

31 Greek Books, American Life *The wisdom of Eva Brann, tutor and philosopher.* ..... BY HARVEY MANSFIELD

33 True Lies *A failed reporter and a successful murderer join forces.* ..... BY IRA BOUDWAY

35 Birds Gotta Sing *Science explains what everyone assumes.* ..... BY ROBERT WINKLER

37 Men About Town *Toulouse-Lautrec and friends on exhibition.* ..... BY CYNTHIA GRENIER

39 THE STANDARD READER ..... *New books on Edmund Burke and Art Deco.*

40 Parody ..... *Revised European Constitution.*

William Kristol, *Editor* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler, *Managing Editors*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **Christopher Caldwell, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors*
Philip Terzian, *Books & Arts Editor* **Stephen F. Hayes, Matt Labash,** *Senior Writers* **Matthew Continetti,** *Staff Writer*
Victorino Matus, David Skinner, *Assistant Managing Editors* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Online Editor* **Rachel DiCarlo,** *Assistant Editor*
Duncan Currie, *Reporter* **Michael Goldfarb, Joseph Lindsley,** *Editorial Assistant*
Lev Nisnevitch, *Art Director* **Philip Chalk,** *Production Director*
Lauren Trotta Husted, *Circulation Director* **Tina Winston,** *Finance Director* **Catherine Titus Lowe,** *Publicity Director*
Taybor Cook, Carolyn Wimmer, *Executive Assistants* **Michael Potts,** *Staff Assistant*
Gerard Baker, Max Boot, Joseph Bottum, Tucker Carlson, John J. DiIulio Jr., Noemie Emery, Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Reuel Marc Gerecht, Brit Hume, Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Tod Lindberg, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, *Contributing Editors*
Terry Eastland, *Publisher*

the weekly Standard

THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, second week in July, fourth week in August, and the second week in November) by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-902-563-4723 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. For a copy of THE WEEKLY STANDARD Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036. Copyright 2005, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in THE WEEKLY STANDARD may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. THE WEEKLY STANDARD is a trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

www.weeklystandard.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grading John Kerry

The junior senator from Massachusetts, John Kerry (remember him?), was in the news again last week, finally releasing his military records—a mere 128 days after he told *Meet the Press* host Tim Russert he would do so—in a June 7 document dump to *Boston Globe* reporter Michael Kranish.

According to Kranish, Kerry had kept those records hidden from the public for "at least" two years. Which is sort of a puzzle, Kranish says, since the information supports the senator's account of his Vietnam war service, called into question last August by the Swift Boat Veterans for Truth (remember them?). Had Kerry released his records last year, Kranish writes, the Swifties' accusations would have been laid to rest, and Kerry's presidential campaign, faltering in the summer heat, "might have [been] helped." Needless to say, Kerry didn't, and his campaign wasn't. Go figure.

The best guess for why he didn't stems from a secondary piece by Kranish in that same day's *Globe*: "Yale Grades Portray Kerry as a Lackluster Student." Which isn't the worst of it. Kerry's "4-Year Average," Kranish further reports, was "on par with [President] Bush's." Ouch.

You see, in his application to Officer Candidate School, Kerry was asked to include his grades from Yale, and, to summarize, they stank. Kerry's freshman year average was 71, a low C; that year, too, Kerry received four Ds—one in geology, two in history, and one in political science. He received another D his sophomore year. In contrast, President Bush, who never pretended he was a top student—but whose intellect has been subjected to a years-long-and-still-running, take-no-prisoners strategic ridicule campaign—received only one D in four years at Yale. Bush's four-year grade point average was 77, a high C. Kerry's four-year average? 76.

"Would the revelation of Kerry's mediocre grades have been enough by itself to cause him to withhold his records for such an embarrassingly long time? Is he that vain and insecure?" asked *Slate*'s Mickey Kaus. "I think so!"

Intrigued by—and more than a little pleased at—this news, THE SCRAPBOOK spent a few hours last week trolling the Internet for old quotes from Kerry's professors on the former candidate's more-often-claimed-than-demonstrated depth, seriousness, and intellectual gravitas. We couldn't find any. There were a few from former Yale diplomatic history professor Gaddis Smith, who told the *Hartford Courant* during the campaign that Kerry "was the one who stood out" while in school. Smith also told *Newsweek* that Kerry was "the definition of a Big Man on Campus." When Kranish read Kerry's grades to him last week, Smith said, "Uh, oh. I thought he was a good student. Those aren't very good grades."

Not all of Kerry's grades were bad, though. In one class he got a 77. It was his second-best grade in four years at Yale. The class was French. ♦

The Churchill Files

While the nation strives to forget about the misadventures of Ward Churchill, the professor who compared 9/11 victims to Adolf Eichmann, the University of Colorado's standing committee on research misconduct appears to be slow-rolling the investigation into Churchill's purported academic fraud and fake Indian ancestry, perhaps in an effort to make the nation forget about the misadventures of Ward Churchill. Nice to see we're all on the same page.

But if the committee has any interest in taking Churchill's scalp before old age does, they might want to subcontract with the staff of the *Rocky Mountain News*. While history's first draft can often be misleading, the second draft isn't shaking out much better for Churchill. In a blowout series of articles resulting from a two-month investigation, the *News*'s industrious reporters have thoroughly demonstrated that those who initially accused Churchill of being an academic fraud, a rip-off artist, a Tonto-talking faux Indian, and an all-purpose charlatan, were, well, probably right.

In just a sampler from the highly detailed *News* series, Churchill was found to have: wrongly claimed that Israel employs a eugenics code against the Palestinians; wrongly accused the U.S. Army of deliberately spreading smallpox among the Mandan Indians (several works and authors he cited directly contradicted his claims); wrongly claimed for decades that the General Allotment Act of 1887 established a "blood quantum" that allowed Indian tribes to count as members only those who had at least "half" native blood as a way of wiping out tribes; published the works of others without their permission in at least three instances; and claimed Indian ancestry when an extensive examination of genealogical records turned up not a single Indian ancestor (the *News* discovered that a recent DNA test proved that the father of Joshua Tyner, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ancestor Churchill most often cites as being the source of his Indian blood, wasn't Indian).

Everyone makes mistakes, of course. But it's hard to think of anyone who makes as many as Churchill. Perhaps his ex-wife, whose name has been mixed up in one of the plagiarism allegations, puts it most succinctly, saying of Churchill, "He's despicable." While Churchill has said he can make "slam dunk" cases on some of the charges, we hope he doesn't do so anytime soon. His original slam dunk cases turned out to be anything but. And after they cranked out 20,000 words on the subject, having to slog through over 100 of Churchill's books, essays, chapters, and articles, *News* staffers are due a vacation. ♦

Cause and Effect?

"The statutory mandates for 'balance and objectivity' [in public broadcasting], not to mention for 'excellence' and 'quality,' may be beyond enforcing in an era when the country's loudmouths, on the left and the right, refuse to agree on anything. . . . But that's an argument for privatization—cutting public broadcasting loose from its government lifeline altogether. Public broadcasters should be careful what they wish for" (last week's WEEKLY STANDARD editorial, "Clearing the Airwaves").

"A House subcommittee voted yesterday to sharply reduce the federal government's financial support for public broadcasting, including eliminating taxpayer funds that help underwrite such popular children's educational programs as 'Sesame Street,' 'Reading Rainbow,' 'Arthur' and 'Postcards From Buster.' . . . The subcommittee acted to eliminate within two years all federal money for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting . . . starting with a 25 percent reduction in CPB's budget for next year, from $400 million to $300 million" (*Washington Post*, June 10). ♦

Janice Rogers Brown for Chief Justice!

"Her friends describe Justice Brown as a voracious reader, amateur poet and serious intellectual, and her speeches are filled with allusions to writers including Cicero, the apostle Paul, Abraham Lincoln, Samuel Beckett, Ayn Rand, Gertrude Himmelfarb, Friedrich von Hayek and the comedian Chris Rock" (*New York Times*, June 9). ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

People Who Need *People*

I used to be perfectly confident I knew what the end of Western civilization would look like. It was obvious to me that celebrity-gossip magazines such as *People*, *Us Weekly*, *In Touch*, and *Star* offered a glimpse into the cultural abyss.

But that was then. Lately, something remarkable has happened. I've undergone a conversion to the Dark Side. Under the influence of my girlfriend, I've let down my guard. I stopped sneering at the show-biz glossies long enough to allow my carefully suppressed plebeian sensibilities just a little play—and before I knew it I had seen the light, shining bright as the glitzy sparkle off J-Lo's rocks.

Now there's simply no denying it: I'm hooked. I need a regular fix of Brad-Angelina-Jen updates; a steady diet of Lindsay Lohan rumors; and the latest news on Tom and Katie's budding dalliance. (Or is it just a PR stunt? Turn to page 36 to find out!)

I suppose I should blush at this disclosure. No red-blooded male fancies himself a consumer of insipid celebrity tittle-tattle—you don't need to tell me, the quintessential recovering anti-glossy snob. I used to be above it all.

Then one day, when I was going to run an errand at the drug store, my girlfriend asked me to pick up a copy of *In Touch*. It seemed chivalrous to shelve the disdain. Waiting in line at CVS, I thumbed through the pages. I did this for her several times. Pretty soon, I noticed I was starting to remember the starlets' names and romantic histories, and generally enjoying the colorful parade. Slowly, the truth about my new addiction dawned on me.

I still can't say exactly what the appeal is. It's not that I suddenly find Hollywood celebrities to be interesting people—I don't. A big part of it has to be relief. When you spend the bulk of your workday knee-deep in politics, policy, and punctuation, it's just too grim to invest after-hours energies in censoriousness. To go home and open a dirt-dishing celeb mag feels almost as refreshing as to reach for an ice-cold beer.

Bored with Social Security? Catch up on Nick and Jessica's marital spat! Tired of dissecting the filibuster deal? See where Cameron Diaz shops on Rodeo! It may be a guilty pleasure, but it's still pleasure. And it sure beats wading through the demerits of ethanol subsidies.

And there's another, more practical explanation for my newborn glossyphilia: It gets reinforcement from the culture. Celebrity voyeurism has gone mainstream. Thanks in part to the Internet and the 24/7 news cycle, there are now innumerable ways to track show-biz gossip. Even some presentable journalists are caught alluding to the freshest chatter about Britney Spears, Ben Affleck, et al. Such pop-culture chitchat peppers our day-to-day dialogue.

That makes it harder than ever to remain aloof from it all. In the old days, before turning to the glossies, I struggled to keep pace with friends and coworkers. My anti-celeb-mag haughtiness barred me from many conversations. I was hopelessly out of the loop.

Not any more. I now possess a hearty trove of celebrity factoids. For example, do you know that Jennifer Garner has never received an email from her mother? Or that Robert Downey Jr. takes yoga classes? Or that Courteney Cox is a compulsive property-flipper, and hubby David Arquette enjoys shooting hoops? Bet not. But thanks to the June 13 issue of *Us Weekly*, I do.

And how could I forget Paris Hilton? As an avatar of contemporary American celebrity, the pencil-thin Ms. Hilton is ubiquitous in the glossies. Here's Paris gallivanting with her Greek shipping-heir fiancé (also named Paris) in L.A. There's Paris strolling in to dinner with her *House of Wax* costars in London. She's the perfect icon for our celebrity-mad culture.

The flagship journal of the Celeb Movement is, of course, *People*, though some fellow addicts prefer *Star*, which trades in wilder stories and rumors, *National Enquirer*-style. My personal fave is *Us Weekly*. Unlike *People*—which always serves up a few feel-good news articles, staking a vain claim for respectability—*Us* makes no pretense of being actual journalism. It is mindless gossip, with plenty of pictures. Which is what we readers want.

Like all junkies, I realize I may someday have to kick the habit. The glossies are pretty cheap, but if you buy a couple every week, the cost adds up. Plus, I'm starting to spend a bit too much time agonizing over Lindsay Lohan's weight loss. Still, contrary to my best, most elevated instincts, I've enjoyed my brief escapes to Celeb Land. The natives are well known for their vanity, their frivolity, and their air of conceit. But keeping up with their antics is darn good fun.

Duncan Currie

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accountability

Parents have made one thing clear in the last few years. They want their children to learn, and they're going to hold the entire education system accountable to make sure they do.

ETS is a partner with parents and teachers to advance learning. To make sure teachers have the tools and training they need. To help parents be certain their kids are prepared for what lies ahead.

Helping teachers teach, students learn and parents measure the progress of their children is what accountability is all about. At ETS we hold ourselves accountable for helping every learner do better. Every product we make, every service we offer, every test we design is built on that commitment.

ETS. Helping prepare each new generation for whatever the future may hold. Log on. Let's talk about how we all accomplish that goal.

Listening. Learning. Leading.

ETS®

www.ets.org EDUCATIONAL TESTING SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mormon President?

I QUITE APPRECIATED Terry Eastland's "In 2008, Will It Be Mormon in America?" (June 6). As a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who has been confronted by many who misunderstand or misinterpret aspects of the religion, I found the article to be unbiased and accurate. Those who read it will be better informed about our religion and its members, and I will refer many people to it in the future.

Certain aspects of LDS history are ugly; there is no getting around that. It is unfortunately the case that human beings who subscribe to ideals they deem perfect are far from perfect themselves. The success of Eastland's article lies in his ability to reveal the unattractive aspects of LDS history without demeaning those who follow its precepts.

SUSAN STEWART
Boston, MA

I HAVE LONG BELIEVED Mitt Romney should receive the nomination if he decides to run; Terry Eastland's brilliant article confirms why. Out of all the possible Republican presidential candidates, Romney probably represents the best chance to capture the White House again in 2008 from both a conservative and a tactical perspective. His public speeches, television appearances, and handling of the critical issues suggest that he can inspire the party faithful and moderates alike.

In a very blue state, Romney defends conservative values and sometimes wins. I especially love his approach to Massachusetts fiscal policies, which could indeed translate well on the federal level. He knows how to attract Democrats and liberals without selling out on those core principles that unite a Republican base. Romney understands how to pursue a workable conservative agenda.

Unlike some other contenders, Romney looks and acts presidential in accordance with the greatest aspects of Republican tradition. In a tough race that may pit him against Hillary Clinton, he would quickly morph into a formidable candidate because of his blue-state credentials with red-state ideals. If given the chance, Romney can gain widespread national appeal and do for the Republicans what Ronald Reagan did for them over 20 years ago.

ANTHONY VUONO
Exton, PA

MITT ROMNEY'S Mormon faith arguably could be a setback to his candidacy despite two impressive years as a center-right governor in leftist Massachusetts.

Terry Eastland briefly touches on it, but the primary reason Romney's faith is a disadvantage is the field of candidates he is likely to face in the Republican primary. For example, Kansas senator Sam Brownback would pose a formidable challenge given his status as a champion of the evangelical right for his opposition to same-sex marriage, embryonic stem cell research, and late-term abortions. Brownback enjoys broad appeal among evangelical voters who characterize these issues as top priorities.

Additionally, he is a Roman Catholic, which extends his appeal beyond evangelicals and makes the Kansan perhaps the favorite among social conservatives for the 2008 Republican nomination. His impressive record on tax relief, as well as his heroic efforts to apply pressure on the regimes of Sudan, North Korea, and Iran, will satisfy fiscal and neoconservatives alike. Brownback is a dark-horse candidate today, but he has grassroots support among the conservative base, something Romney, and others, must struggle to build. In the end, 2008 could be slightly premature for a Mormon in the White House.

BRYAN SANDERS
Waterville, ME

IN THE MOST RECENT gubernatorial race here in Arizona, leading conservative congressman Matt Salmon, very well respected and well known throughout the state, ran against our current governor, Janet "Stealth" Napolitano—"Stealth," because the news media never run a story on her, but only a positive blip here and there. Salmon seemed sure to win, until a press release revealed that he was a Mormon. As I am an active Republican and a conservative Christian, my heart sank: I had no idea Salmon was a Mormon. He was an excellent and effective congressman, always doing the right thing.

The faltering Napolitano campaign said they had nothing to do with the press release and were dismayed that religion was brought into the race. The press release was perfectly timed, with not enough time for the evangelical Christian qualms about a Mormon candidate to wane and with insufficient time for the Salmon campaign to mount a defense, reminding constituents that he had always acted, voted, and articulated perfectly the viewpoints of evangelical Christians in Arizona.

The result? The evangelical Christian voting bloc temporarily lost its good sense and memory and followed its feelings: Many did not even bother to vote. A key strategic calculation made by a faltering campaign proved most useful, and I am sure it won them the election. Thus, I offer this advice to the Republican party: A Mormon or a Catholic candidate would not be wise, even if he is perfect as far as voting records and principles are concerned.

DAN MARTINOVICH
Phoenix, AZ

Advertising Sales

Peter Dunn, *Associate Publisher, pdunn@weeklystandard.com 202-496-3334*
Nicholas H.B. Swezey, *Advertising & Marketing Manager, nswezey@weeklystandard.com 202-496-3355*
Magali Bontrand, *Foreign Country Reports, magali@us-impact.com +44(0)-870-758-7809*
Patrick F. Doyle, *West Coast Advertising Manager, pdoyle@weeklystandard.com 415-777-4383*
Don Eugenio, *Midwest Advertising Manager, deugenio@weeklystandard.com 312-953-7236*
Meghan Hawthorne, *Advertising & Marketing Assistant, mhawthorne@weeklystandard.com 202-496-3350*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

What America Can Do for Europe

As the dust settles after the explosive referenda at the heart of the European Union, interested parties from all sides are peering nervously into the crater, trying to figure out what remains of the European "project." E.U. heads of government will meet next weekend to map an immediate route out of the debris. In the Brussels bunker, of course, the familiar instinct has kicked in—pretend nothing has happened. Incredibly, the official plan is that the other E.U. countries should simply carry on ratifying the constitutional treaty that was essentially detonated by the French and Dutch voters.

In the real world, whose characteristics are not readily recognizable to the inhabitants of the bureaucratic fantasy theme park that is the European Commission, serious reconstruction work must now begin. The "No" votes should in fact provide a real opportunity for Europe to revisit the very purpose and meaning of its union. Whatever else they have shown, the popular rejections ought surely to prompt a serious effort both to devolve power from an overweening Brussels and to reconnect the E.U. with the voters of Europe. All that is a question for the Europeans themselves to decide.

The United States, however, has always had a vital national interest in the direction Europe takes, and the events of the last month provide an opportunity for much needed reflection in Washington about the transatlantic relationship. Many of the countries of Europe have been reliable allies over the last 50 years or more. A healthy functioning relationship with this other pole of Western civilization, with its similar values and objectives, remains important to the United States. But it is time for Washington to reevaluate the best way of bringing that about.

First, the Bush administration should take a vow of silence when it comes to specific discussions of how Europe should develop. Though some may be tempted to indulge in a little *schadenfreude* at the sight of Jacques Chirac and Gerhard Schröder contemplating the fragments of their superpower ambitions, they should resist it. Even the merest hint in Europe that Washington is actively seeking to undermine European unity would be enough to strengthen it.

But this silence must, at long last, be genuinely symmetrical. The administration should stop forthwith insisting that it believes ever deeper and closer European integration is in America's best interest. This was true in the Cold War, when Western European fragmentation would have been a real problem in the fight against communism. But in the more complex post-9/11 world, in which threat perceptions and strategies differ across the Atlantic and within Europe, it is no longer self-evidently in U.S. interests that the E.U. try to eliminate national policies.

It is hysterical nonsense to suggest that without closer E.U. integration the European nations will fall back into internecine strife. In fact most E.U. members are mature democracies capable of making rational decisions. It is much more likely that top-down efforts to force separate nations into the straitjacket of one sprawling, remote supernation will only heighten national tensions.

Washington, then, should resist the usual attempts of Europe's political elites to enlist it as an enabler in their efforts to bypass the popular will and pursue their own grand visions. Studied neutrality, with a bias towards supporting the will of the peoples of Europe, should now guide the institutional U.S. approach towards the E.U.

Second, Washington should take this opportunity to reassert the primacy of NATO. A not very well hidden aspect of the E.U. integrationists' agenda has long been the supplanting of NATO (a transatlantic alliance that incidentally already includes Turkey) with a specific E.U. defense identity. Despite protestations to the contrary, it was always clear that the prime movers behind this—the French—intended it to become an alternative locus for European nations to pursue their own foreign policy goals. Over time, that would have meant downgrading and eventually destroying the transatlantic institution in which America retains the strongest voice, NATO.

Third, the United States should do more to encourage its friends in Europe. The Bush administration has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeatedly missed opportunities to improve its standing in those countries whose governments remain actively committed to supporting the administration's main foreign policy goals. That may mean giving more concessions than it might otherwise wish to allies such as Tony Blair, in his efforts to produce more generous debt relief for Africa. It may mean a bit more generosity with defense contracts to companies from friendly European nations, or less onerous visa requirements for those countries' students and workers. The United States should actively encourage broader economic cooperation with any European countries that want it—promoting greater flexibility of labor and goods.

Finally, and perhaps most important, the United States should gently urge the Europeans now to address the real challenge they face. Washington has a powerful interest in seeing a strong Europe in the world as a vigorous partner for American foreign policy objectives. But creating an ever more rococo panoply of bureaucracy and superstatehood is not the way to achieve that.

What the bulk of the E.U. desperately needs is economic growth. Instead of creating hundreds more jobs for Eurocrats, Euro-diplomats, and Euro-politicians with global pretensions, it should be creating millions of real jobs for the growing army of unemployed that truly threatens economic vitality and political stability.

That means real economic reform, including deregulation and more flexible labor markets. There may not be much the United States can do directly to assist in that process except offer encouragement. But making European economic recovery, rather than European integration, a central plank of U.S. foreign policy would be more likely to help produce the kind of Europe that would really be in American interests.

An economically healthy, politically vibrant, wholeheartedly democratic Europe is a vital partner for the United States in the world. The way to achieve such a Europe is not to facilitate the superpower fantasies of its remote and unaccountable political elites, but to empower the European people themselves with free markets and a real voice in the direction of their continent.

—Gerard Baker, for the Editors

Get 450 FREE issues

Yes, you can read every issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD (starting with our first, dated September 18, 1995). We've placed all of our issues in an archive on our website.

Only registered subscribers may browse through this special library. To register, just go to *weeklystandard.com* and click on Subscribers Only.

the weekly Standard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *real* issues of Social Security reform

There is no longer any doubt that Social Security needs to be reformed. The nation's troubled retirement program will begin running a deficit in just 12 years. Overall, the program faces unfunded liabilities of more than $12 trillion. But while the politicians in Washington debate whether this represents a crisis or just a big problem, the Cato Institute believes it is an opportunity to build a new and better retirement program for all Americans.

Ownership

Under the current Social Security system you have no legal, contractual, or property rights to your benefits. What you receive from Social Security is entirely up to the 535 members of Congress. But personal retirement accounts would give you ownership and control over your retirement funds. The money in your account would belong to you—money the politicians could never take away.

Inheritability

Because you don't own your Social Security benefits under the current system, they are not inheritable. Millions of workers are not able to pass anything on to their loved ones. But personal retirement accounts would change that by enabling you to build a nest egg of real, inheritable wealth.

Choice

Choice is part of the essence of America. Yet when it comes to retirement, Congress forces all Americans into a one-size-fits-all, cookie-cutter retirement program, a system that cannot pay the benefits it has promised and under which you have no right to the money you pay in. With personal retirement accounts, workers who wanted to remain in traditional Social Security could do so. But younger workers who wanted a choice to save and invest for their future retirement would have that option.

CATO INSTITUTE

To help publish this ad and promote this message on radio and television, please visit our website: www.socialsecurity.org.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cruise the Mexican Riviera with your favorite Weekly Standard pundits

Enjoy seven exclusive days and nights with The Weekly Standard crew.

Bill Kristol

Fred Barnes

Terry Eastland

Hugh Hewitt

- Special private Weekly Standard sessions and programs
- Dining with editors and writers
- Private receptions
- Traveling with like-minded conservatives
- All-inclusive pricing
- A fully escorted cruise

The 2006 Weekly Standard Cruise Itinerary

Date	*Day*	*Ports of Call*
Feb. 25	Sat.	San Diego, CA
Feb. 26	Sun.	At Sea
Feb. 27	Mon.	Cabo San Lucas, Mexico
Feb. 28	Tue.	Mazatlan, Mexico
Mar. 1	Wed.	Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
Mar. 2	Thu.	At Sea
Mar. 3	Fri.	At Sea
Mar. 4	Sat.	San Diego, CA

THE CRUISE AUTHORITY

the weekly Standard

Holland America

For more information, call 1-800-707-1634 or visit www.TWScruise.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winning Ugly

Republicans are doing better than you think.

BY FRED BARNES

Priscilla Owen, flanked by Bill Frist and President Bush

Reuters Photo Archive / Shaun Heasley

WHO'S WINNING in Washington right now? Republicans, President Bush included. But they are winning ugly, and just barely. Actually, if success on Social Security reform is the yardstick, Republicans aren't winning at all. What changes the score is success on judges. Thanks to the Gang of 14 deal to save the filibuster, a parade of relatively young and attractive conservatives are now being confirmed for the federal appeals courts, putting them in position to be nominated later for vacancies on the Supreme Court.

When the agreement on judicial nominations was struck in May by seven Republican and seven Democratic senators, many conservatives agreed with Senate Democratic leader Harry Reid that it was a victory for Democrats. They were wrong. Since the agreement, the three prime targets of Democrats—Priscilla Owen, Janice Rogers Brown, William Pryor—have all been confirmed, plus two other less controversial nominees. And more conservatives are in the confirmation pipeline. So while Bush's chances of creating personal investment accounts have faded, his goal of shifting the ideological tilt of the federal judiciary is closer at hand.

Considerable credit goes to Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist. Without his pressure to enact the so-called nuclear option barring filibusters of judicial nominees, the deal leading to the string of confirmations would not have occurred. Also, the showdown over filibustering helped place the very idea of filibustering judges in an unfavorable light. This is especially significant with the likelihood of a Supreme Court vacancy (or two) this summer. Another result was to declare, as the Gang of 14 senators did, that the filibuster may be used to block a judicial nominee only in "extraordinary circumstances."

Who decides when these circumstances occur? The answer is Republicans. Reid said the nuclear option is "off the table." But it's not. Three Republican members of the Gang of 14—Mike DeWine of Ohio, Lindsey Graham of South Carolina, and John Warner of Virginia—indicated they would vote for the nuclear option if Democrats filibustered a nominee who was a conventional conservative and not an extremist. Such a nomination would not constitute "extraordinary circumstances." And only two of them would need to defect from the Gang of 14 deal to pass the nuclear option.

The fight over judges showed again the fecklessness of Reid. He mischaracterized the upshot of the Gang of 14 deal because he actually believed it was a triumph for Democrats. Reid has scarcely any influence over the Senate Democratic caucus. Heavyweights like Chris Dodd of Connecticut and Joe Biden of Delaware don't follow his orders. Reid promised Frist he would deliver enough Democrats to prevent a filibuster of John Bolton's nomination as ambassador to the United Nations. He couldn't deliver. Reid is no Tom Daschle, who was an effective obstructionist.

Republicans have also been aided by Democratic National Chairman Howard Dean, who has made himself a big issue. He has stereotyped himself as a trash-talking party chairman. And the press has responded accordingly. Reporters now look for him to blast Republicans in over-the-top language. Or they ask him to repudiate the harsh things he's already said. Rather than make a fool of himself, Dean is supposed to be raising money and expanding the party. He's failing at both.

In comparison, Ken Mehlman is doing exactly what he's supposed to as Republican national chairman. Mehlman spends much of his time proselytizing Hispanics and blacks. He makes no wild charges about Democrats. Interviewed on *Meet the Press*, he declined even to criticize Dean. Mehlman proves that a strategist is better suited to be party chairman than a politician who has held elective office. His top goal is enlarg-

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the Republican coalition. Dean lusts after the roar of the crowd and thinks about what office he'll run for next.

At a White House meeting last week with Republican congressional leaders, the president made a confession. He's been promoting legislation to allow thousands of illegal immigrants to get green cards and work legally for three to six years in the United States. "I have not communicated this issue as well as I should have," he was quoted as saying. "I'm going to do better."

What Republicans on Capitol Hill want is for Bush to emphasize border security. At town hall meetings in the home districts of House Republicans, the problem of illegal immigrant crossings is a hot topic. House Republican whip Roy Blunt believes a few legislative steps are needed to pave the way for Bush's plan to let illegals work in the United States. One would be to tighten restrictions on hiring illegal aliens. Another would be to give employers access to information about an immigrant's legal status. House Majority Leader Tom DeLay favors even tougher legislation. In any case, the Bush plan is not a top priority in Congress for now.

Social Security reform, however, remains a priority, despite the president's inability to stir public support. His plan is in the same position tax reform was in 1986. It seemed to have no national constituency, but it had the backing of President Reagan and a few Democrats. Tax reform passed, cutting the top rate on individual income to 28 percent. Bush's hopes for overhauling Social Security now depend not on public enthusiasm but on "legislative maneuverings" in Congress, a White House official said.

That is shorthand for persuading a few Democrats to break with their party. Bush hasn't been able to recruit any and neither have Republican leaders. But they faced the same situation earlier, on judicial nominations, and look what happened there. ♦

A Fix on Downing Street

About that supposed smoking-gun memo . . .

BY TOD LINDBERG

As LEAKED government documents go, the "Downing Street Memo" is pretty sexy. Not actually a memo but the official notes of a July 23, 2002, meeting in the British prime minister's office, the document reproduces the thoughts and concerns about Iraq of Tony Blair and his key advisers, including his foreign and defense secretaries, his attorney general, and "C"—code for Sir Richard Dearlove, the head of MI6, Britain's foreign intelligence service, recently returned from high-level meetings in Washington. Rarely do you find an open window on such a high-level discussion, especially on a matter that will take a country to war a scant nine months later.

The *Sunday Times* published the document on May 1, along with an accompanying article of some 2,000 words sexing up its contents. Other British media also reported on it, as did the U.S. press, with a scanting yawn.

Anybody who thinks criticism of the "mainstream media" is the special province of right-wing America hasn't been reading the left's complaints about the perfidious media indifference to the memo. For Rep. John Conyers, the leading partisan Democratic websites, and the newly registered *downingstreetmemo.com* and *afterdowningstreet.org*, among others, as well as for the hundreds of thousands claiming to have signed petitions demanding a congressional investigation, the "Downing Street Memo" is the smoking gun, proof positive that the Bush administration—well, what exactly?

Contributing editor Tod Lindberg is a fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, and editor of Policy Review.

As C's comments are summarized, he had found in Washington that "the intelligence and facts were being fixed around the policy" of going to war to remove Saddam, "justified by the conjunction of terrorism and WMD"; C went on: "Military action was now [as of July 2002] seen as inevitable." According to comments attributed to Foreign Secretary Jack Straw, "The case was thin. Saddam was not threatening his neighbors, and his WMD capability was less than that of Libya, North Korea or Iran."

There we have it in black and white: Bush lied about WMD and cooked the intelligence to support his position. At last, proof enough to start the impeachment proceedings.

Except, of course, that the folks peddling this story have long been convinced that Bush lied and cooked the intelligence. The question is: What have they got that will persuade someone who is not already a member of the *ne plus ultra* Bush-hating left?

The answer is nothing. In describing the leaked document in the terms above, I have been faithful to the way in which left-wing bloggers, activists, and assorted hangers-on have described its contents—which is to say, as inflammatorily as possible. But such a tendentious description comes at the expense of fidelity to what the document actually records.

For smoking-gun enthusiasts, the key to the plot is that word "fixed," as in, *the fix is in*. As in, the intelligence and facts weren't what Bush needed, so *he fixed them*. The problem with this analysis, if you can call it that, is quite simple: If what is being described is chicanery and wrongdoing in the form of the Bush administration fabricating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intelligence, how come nobody in the room with Blair when C drops this bombshell is sufficiently perturbed to do so much as ask a follow-up question? How come Blair's "sofa cabinet" just goes on earnestly discussing the military options?

I know, I know: *Because they were in on it!* You Brit lefties sit down.

In fact, exactly how is it that the official note-taker at this meeting, Blair's thirtysomething private secretary for foreign affairs—far junior to all others in the room—decided to record this momentous revelation with a colloquialism worthy of a James Cagney gangster movie? The answer is that he is doing no such thing. "Fix" here is clearly meant in its traditional sense, in the sort of English spoken by Oxbridge dons and MI6 directors—to make fast, to set in order, to arrange.

The context of the C comment leaves little room for any other interpretation. John Scarlett, then the head of the Cabinet Office Joint Intelligence Committee (later himself head of MI6, the first to serve openly), has just remarked that "Saddam's regime was tough and based on extreme fear. The only way to overthrow it was likely to be by massive military action. . . . Saddam knew that regular army morale was poor. Real support for Saddam among the public was probably narrowly based."

C picks up from there. The note-taker, Matthew Rycroft, records the comments as follows:

> C reported on his recent talks in Washington. There was a perceptible shift in attitude. Military action was now seen as inevitable. Bush wanted to remove Saddam, through military action, justified by the conjunction of terrorism and WMD. But the intelligence and facts were being fixed around the policy. The NSC had no patience with the UN route, and no enthusiasm for publishing material on the Iraqi regime's record. There was little discussion in Washington of the aftermath after military action.

The point is that the Bush administration seems bent on going to war based on the terrorism/WMD case without going to the U.N. (thus obtaining a legal justification in the Security Council—a point on which C turned out to be wrong) and without "publishing material on the Iraqi regime's record" (thus making a humanitarian case—which Blair would subsequently emphasize). The "policy" decision was that the case was going to be made on the basis of terrorism/WMD, with the evidence "fixed"—made fast, set in order, arranged—to buttress *that* case, notwithstanding that, in the view of some present, other cases might be stronger (hence Straw's point about Libya, North Korea, and Iran).

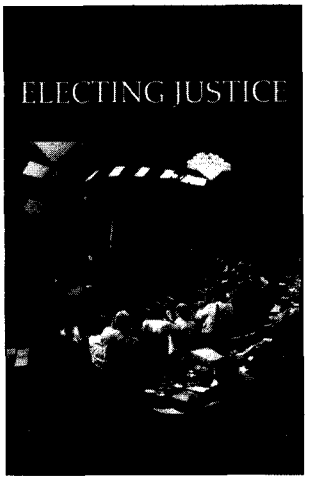
It's striking that the *Times*'s story hyping the memo makes no mention of the "fixed" passage until roughly its 26th paragraph, where the term goes unremarked. Far be it from me to suggest that the Brits have done a better job as custodians of the English language than Americans. But the Brits do at least know how *they* speak it.

As far as the "inevitable" charge goes, we have been down this road over and over again. It's a pity C didn't tell the Quai d'Orsay about his conclusions that summer. The semi-official line from the French foreign ministry is that officials there didn't conclude the war was inevitable until January 2003. Yes, some in the Bush administration thought from early on that war would be the only way to take care of the Saddam problem. But the *decision* isn't made until the president says he has *decided*. That's what makes it a decision.

If you really want to find something scandalous in the "Downing Street Memo," you might focus on the line, "There was little discussion in Washington of the aftermath after military action." The Bush administration might have benefited from a little prodding from 10 Downing on that point.

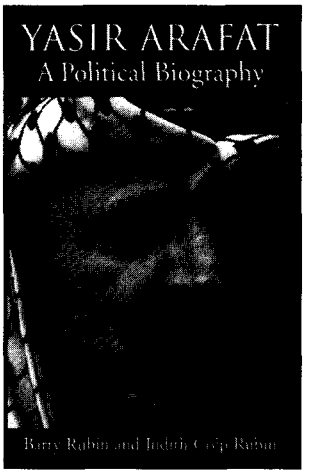
At the Bush-Blair press briefing last week, a Reuters correspondent did ask the two about the memo—without consequential result. But the good ol' "mainstream media" had it about right in concluding that there is nothing in the document but more proof for partisans already persuaded. ♦

Politics from OXFORD



"...a landmark book about the modern process of finding High Court judges."
–Kermit Hall, SUNY at Albany

"When the next Supreme Court vacancy occurs, Richard Davis' insightful book will remind us how contentious judicial nominations have become, and will serve as a roadmap for the confirmation battle ahead."
–Tony Mauro, Supreme Court correspondent, *American Lawyer Media*
$28.00



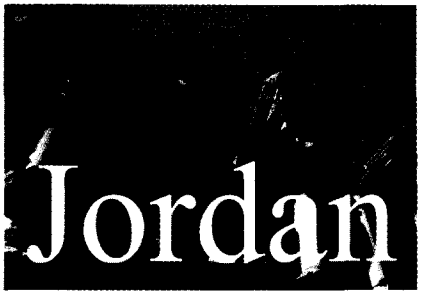
"...a wonderfully rich narrative..."
–The Jerusalem Post

"...admirable, impressively documented..."
–The Wall Street Journal
paper $18.95

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

At bookstores everywhere.
Visit our website at **www.oup.com/us**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jordan provides an economic haven for thriving Potash industry

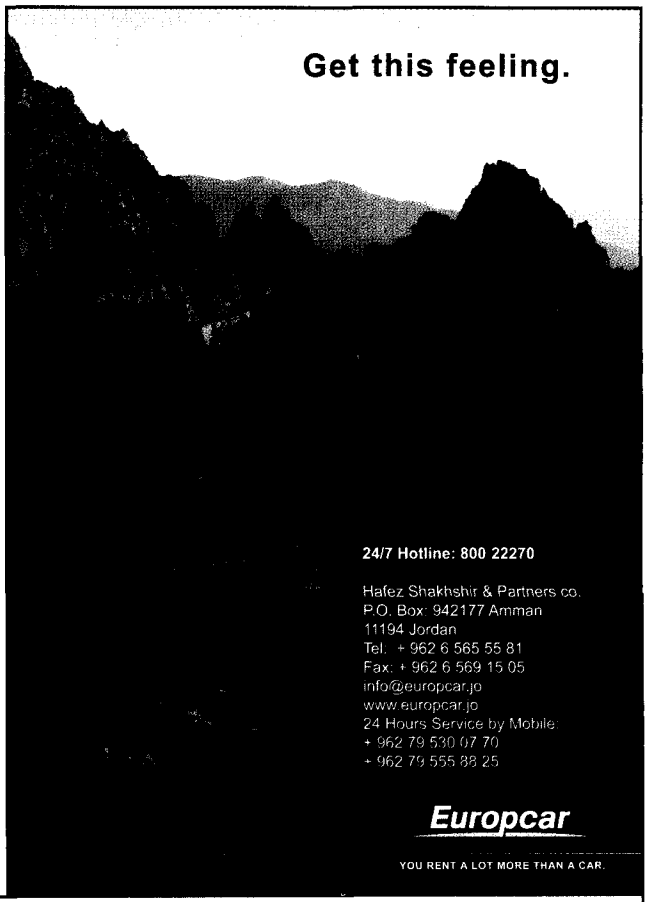
Jordan is located at the centre of the Levant region, where it acts as a geographic gateway to the Middle East and North Africa; and provides strategic access to major international markets, thanks to a free trade accord with the United States and an association agreement with the European Union.

Since King Abdallah took the throne in 1999, Jordan's economy has benefited from a comprehensive economic reform program. Tighter fiscal management, far-reaching privatization and a liberal trade regime have created a more rewarding investment climate. The kingdom's highly-skilled and cost-effective workforce is another major drawcard for investors.

The tourism sector is driving economic growth, with a number of unique natural and cultural attractions, such as the ancient city of Petra and the legendary Dead Sea, putting Jordan on the tourist map.

While the Dead Sea is an alluring tourist attraction, its mineral-rich waters are also a vital source of potash, which is essential for agricultural and industrial development.

As part of its privatization initiative, Jordan's government has opened up the local potash industry for investment and awarded the Arab Potash Company (APC) with a concession to exploit, manufacture and market the resources of the Dead Sea. This dispensation is valid until 2056 and has given birth to a successful project that has enabled the kingdom to become one of the



There's a reason why some meetings fail while others succeed!

Ideally located in the fashionable residential and business district of Amman.

The five star Crowne Plaza Amman hotel's unique location makes it fully convenient to both business & leisure travelers.

This hotel is a popular meeting place for a company conference or a lavish banquet offering the highest quality of services, which include high speed wireless internet, a fully equipped business center as well as the rooftop Crowne Plaza Club Lounge overlooking the city of Amman.

After a long days work, guests may relax their senses and revitalize their energy at the fully equipped "Body Must" Recreation Center.

CROWNE PLAZA®
AMMAN

Crowne Plaza Amman P.O.Box 950555 Amman 11195, Jordan • Telephone: +962 (6) 5510001 • Fax +962 (6) 5510003 • E-mail: ammhb-sales@ichotelsgroup.com
Website: www.amman.crowneplaza.com

InterContinental Hotels Group PLC reservations world-wide can be made by phoning the following toll free numbers in **Saudi Arabia** (800 897 1465), **UAE** (800 4642), **Bahrain** (80000 880), **Kuwait** (473 2100 ext 6233), **Qatar** (0800 971234) **Jordan** (0800 22666) and **Egypt** (0800 4433322)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world's leading exporters of potash.

From its solar evaporation pond system on the southern shores of the Dead Sea, APC manufactures various grades of potash - including Standard, Fine, Granular, Industrial, Red Standard and Fine 98% - and exports them to markets around the globe. The high quality of its products, coupled with its flexible approach to customer service has consolidated APC's position as a key supplier to Asian and Mediterranean regions. India, China and Malaysia remain APC's chief export markets, as the company continues to capitalize on its strategic geographical position.

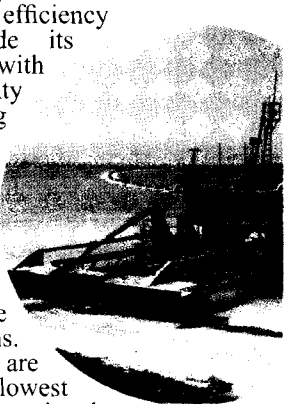
"Our competitive advantage over the other potash producers is our proximity to other countries with very large markets, such as India, Malaysia and China," says Brent Heimann, General Manager of APC.

Mr Brent Heimann - General Manager - Arab Potash Company

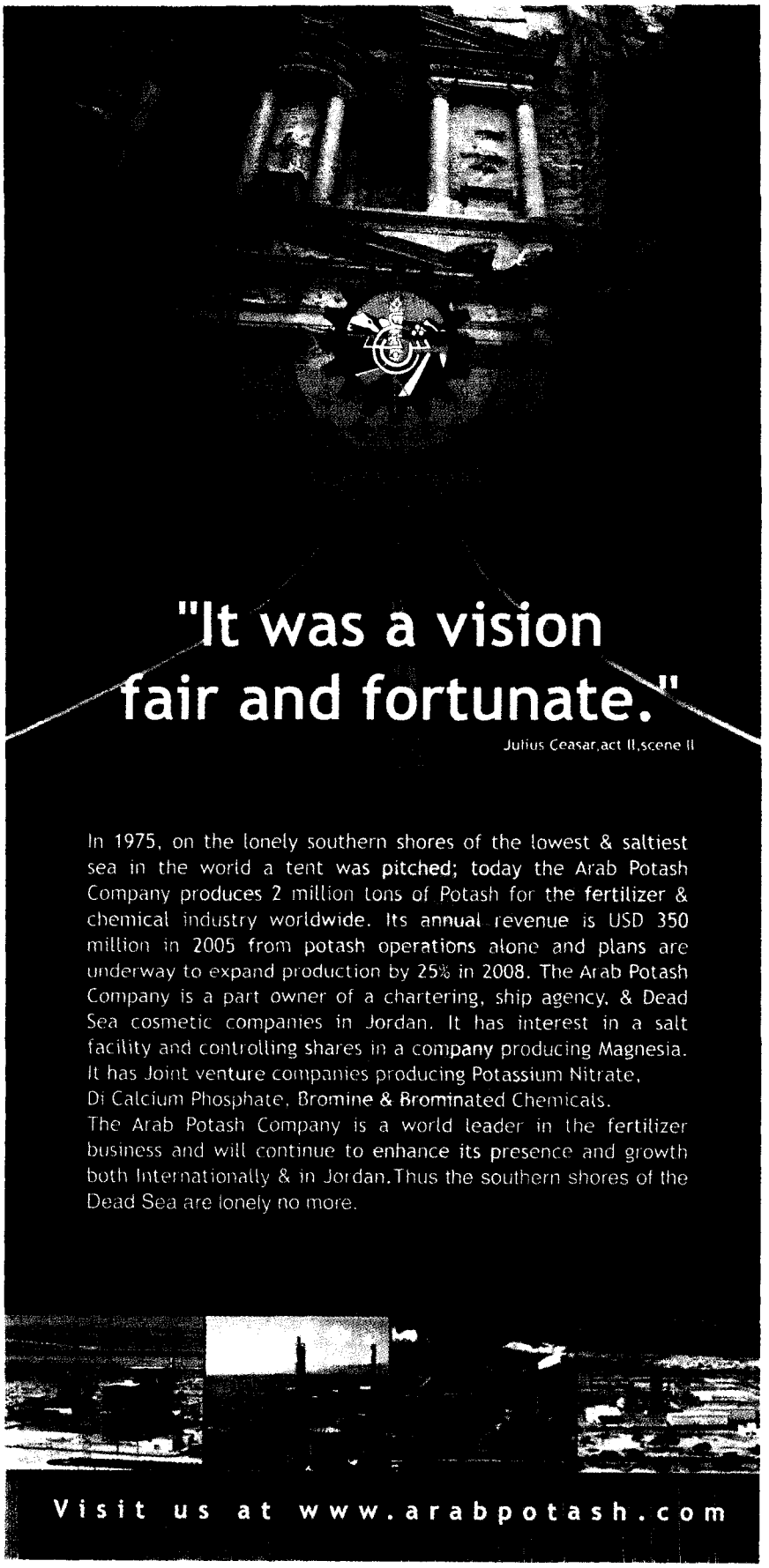
APC has implemented a number of successful expansion and diversification initiatives over the years. In addition to spearheading development in Jordan's fertilizer industry, the company has also expanded into the fine chemicals industry and is looking to grow its operations even further, providing a number of attractive investment opportunities.

"As far as our vision for the company is concerned, we are currently aiming to expand production capabilities... Currently, the company produces 2 million tons of potash per year. After the first expansion, we aim to produce 2.5 million tons per year. Sometime in 2007 or 2008, our production should increase to 500 tons each in increments of 25%. This is a staged expansion of 25% increments," says Mr. Heimann.

APC has also invested in a number of shipping concerns in Jordan to increase its efficiency and provide its customers with a better quality shipping service. This is yet another way in which APC is trying to streamline its operations.



"We are already the lowest cost producer in the world for potash. However, we are now structuring our business operations to become cleaner and more efficient," says Mr. Heimann.



US Impact
www.us-impact.com
Feature Directors: Romy Heldsinger, Mathieu Brisset
Senior Writer: Mark Hibbert
Creative Director: Ingrid Hansen
Production Manager: Lynette Midgley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Continent Made Up of Nations

In Europe, e pluribus pluribus.

BY PHILIP TERZIAN

THE G8 SUMMIT in Gleneagles, Scotland, which begins July 6, should be a slightly excruciating affair. While the American economy is chugging along, Europe's growth is largely confined to its unemployment figures. Russia's Vladimir Putin will be aware that his autocratic style of government in Moscow disturbs his fellow statesmen. The Europeans will be thinking, first and foremost, about their Union—or what's left of it, after the French and Dutch ballots—and George W. Bush may sense that he has stumbled into the aftermath of a family squabble. Best of all, the meeting will take place in Europe's most Euroskeptical country (Britain) in a nation (Scotland) that is increasingly restive within its state (United Kingdom).

No doubt, the assembled heads of state and government will pull it off, crowning their discussions with genial photo ops, solemn initiatives, and soothing phrases. President Bush will welcome the opportunity to discuss areas of common concern with our allies, and President Chirac will tell journalists that the journey to European unity has hit a pothole, but that the path remains open.

Well, up to a point. A great deal of what makes life congenial is a sequence of little white lies—I think it looks fine, no one will notice, I respect your position—and diplomatic language is the expression of hard truths in soft phraseology. But no statesman should misunderstand the equation: Whatever is said for public consumption should seldom be mistaken for private conviction. And European unity is one of those instances where diplomacy—general agreement on compatible principles—was taken much too seriously for its own good. The little white lie, in effect, was believed.

It is not difficult to understand why, in the late 1940s and early '50s, Europe's wise men should have put their faith in some kind of European political league. The unification of Germany had so destabilized the balance of power in Europe that, three times in the previous 80 years, the continent had been ripped apart by war. No one, surveying the wreckage of the British Empire, the weakness of France's Fourth Republic, and the armies of refugees and displaced persons—not to say the gas chambers of Auschwitz or the rubble of German cities—would have argued that the cure for Europe's incessant civil wars was the exaltation of individual nation-states. So what began as an effort in joint economic recovery—the Coal and Steel Community, the Common Market—was, in due course, transformed into a utopian, all-encompassing ideal.

For its part, the United States had every reason to pay lip service to European unity. The Marshall Plan was never intended to be a permanent subsidy to postwar Europe, and the Soviet Union was a common adversary. So long as the nations of Western Europe were rebuilding their economies and threatened by nuclear war, European unity made strategic sense. No doubt, President Eisenhower wished that a "United States of Europe" might prevent a recurrence of the tragic conflict that had both tested him and made him famous, but there is no evidence to suggest he believed it would really happen. He knew how difficult it was to maintain harmony within a democratic, English-speaking alliance, much less across ancient borders and customs. For him, as for all subsequent presidents until 1991, NATO was the European union that mattered.

Yet even at the dawn of the European movement, the elements of subsequent discord were evident. Writing in the late 1950s about Robert Schuman, the French premier and foreign minister, Dean Acheson noticed that "as one studies all the French-inspired postwar proposals looking toward the unification of Western Europe . . . one sees that the power—and very possibly the right—to secede remains in the various states. Even short of that, it is not always apparent how decisions of the organizations could be enforced against strong and determined dissidents." Moreover, France, especially under General de Gaulle, conceived of the Union not so much as a European initiative, but a French, or perhaps Franco-German, project to isolate Britain and challenge its fellow "Anglo-Saxon" power, the United States. This makes sense from a French point of view, but is not necessarily in the interests of Europe.

Still, the French, in their way, have been admirably candid. Given the size and economic dominance of Germany on the continent, it has been said that belief in the European Union allows Germans, for the first time in their modern history, to be both good Germans and good Europeans. For France, however, the E.U. has been more problematic: Since it does not bestride Europe in the way Germany does, France has chosen to attach itself to Germany diplomatically while dominating the E.U. bureaucratically.

Which, in the end, has led to the recent votes in France and the Netherlands on the E.U. constitution. The European idea has always been a nice proposition, and a pleasant nostrum for the State Department; but once we move beyond the corridors in

Philip Terzian is Books & Arts editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brussels, or the language of transatlantic diplomacy, or examine it apart from French and German *realpolitik*, it is plain to see how deeply estranged European political unity is from reality. The United States of America was a federation of ex-English colonies united by common language, religion, law, and customs—and, lest we forget, divided on principle between 1861 and 1865. Europe is a continent divided by language, religion, law, nationality, customs, cuisine, and a thousand other obvious historic distinctions and differences. An Englishman may acknowledge that he is a "European" in the planetary sense—as opposed to, say, an "American"—but sees little resemblance between himself and a European citizen of, say, Spain or Hungary. As the Marxists discovered in 1914, the national identities of Europeans mean more to individuals than any economic dogma or synthetic alliance, let alone one tied together in the bundle of a 485-page constitution.

One irony, of course, is that the fierce American advocacy of Turkish membership in the E.U. might well have tipped the balance and upset the edifice of Europe's little white lie. The average French shopkeeper, or Dutch mechanic, might have had misgivings about making common cause with Britons or Greeks, but the prospect of Turkey—gigantic, Muslim, impoverished, oriental—was absurd beyond Brussels's capacity to see.

So nationalism lives. Sixty years after the end of World War II, Europe has reason to be worried about the impulses that lurk within nations; but such impulses are not invariably destructive, nor can they be willed away by consensus. The end of the Cold War was not the end of history, but the resumption of history, and the disintegration of any empire is chaotic. The European Union works in certain ways: It has kept the peace among traditional enemies, rewarded German democracy, generated wealth, and given states on its periphery an ideal to emulate. But there are limits to Europe's unity, and history means more than any regulation. ♦

What Fathers Do Best

Hint: Not the same things as mothers.

BY STEVEN E. RHOADS

FATHER'S DAY no longer arrives without the national media highlighting Mr. Moms. The year before last, for example, Lisa Belkin of the *New York Times* described the life of one Michael Zorek, whose only job was taking care of his 14-month-old son Jeremy. Zorek, whose wife brought home a good salary as a corporate lawyer, felt he had become "remarkably good" at shopping, at cooking, and at entertaining his energetic toddler. He was angry at a parents' magazine whose essay contest was open only to mothers. "I'm the one who does the shopping, and I'm the one who does the cooking," he reasoned. "Why is it only sexist when women are excluded?"

This year the homemaking fathers even got to horn in on Mother's Day. On May 8, the *Washington Post*'s Sunday Outlook section featured William McGee, a single dad who "couldn't help feeling excluded" by all the ads for products that "moms and kids" would both love. He mentioned, for example, the classic peanut butter ad, "Choosy Moms Choose Jif." McGee wanted advertisers to know that he is "one of many caring dads" who are choosy, too.

Brace yourselves for an onslaught of such features this week, even though, in the real world, there are still 58 moms staying home with minor children for every dad who does so. This is not just an accidental social arrangement, to be overcome once the media have sufficiently raised our consciousness about the joys of stay-at-home fatherhood. Mothers are loaded with estrogen and oxytocin, which draw them to young children and help induce them to tend to infants. And the babies themselves make it clear that they prefer their mothers. Even in families where fathers have taken a four-month-long paid parental leave to tend to their newborns, the fathers report that the babies prefer to be comforted by their mothers.

The problem with honoring fathers who do what mothers usually do—what used to be called "mothering"—is this: It suggests that fathers who do what *most* fathers do aren't contributing to their children's well-being. Yet we know this can't be true. Children who grow up in fatherless families are poorer, less healthy, less educated. They die much earlier, commit more crimes, and give birth to more babies out of wedlock.

What do most real-world dads do? When the kids get old enough, they teach them how to build and fix things and how to play sports. They are better than moms at teaching children how to deal with novelty and frustration, perhaps because they are more likely than mothers to encourage children to work out problems and address challenges themselves—from putting on their shoes to operating a new toy.

When the kids become older still, Dad is usually better than Mom at controlling unruly boys. Jennifer Roback Morse notes that all the surveys of who does what around the house never mention one of her husband's most important functions—he is responsible for glaring. When their son acts up, his glares just seem to have more effect than hers do.

Similarly, a fascinating study in the

Steven E. Rhoads is a professor of politics at the University of Virginia and author of Taking Sex Differences Seriously, *newly available in paperback.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

journal *Criminology* finds that female social ties in a neighborhood—borrowing food, helping with problems, having lunch together—are associated with much lower crime rates. Male social ties in the neighborhood have no effect on crime rates. But the beneficial effect of female ties almost completely disappears in communities dominated by fatherless families! You need husbands and fathers—what the authors call "family rooted men"—if the crime-fighting female ties are really to be effective. Perhaps mothers still say, "Just you wait until your father gets home," or its 21st-century equivalent.

Sometimes moms worry that their roughhousing husbands are making their boys more aggressive. But, in fact, fathers are teaching their sons how to play fight—don't bite, don't kick, stay away from the eyes—a form of play enjoyed by most boys around the world. On the playground, boys without fathers in the home are unpopular because they respond in a truly aggressive manner when other boys try to initiate rough-and-tumble play. A committee brought together by the Board on Children, Youth, and Families of the National Research Council has concluded that "fathers, in effect, give children practice in regulating their own emotions and recognizing others' emotional cues."

Of course, dads do a lot for their daughters as well. For example, by providing a model of love for and fidelity to their wives, dads give teenage girls confidence that they can expect men to be interested in them for reasons beyond sex.

We could begin to do dads justice if we realized that their nature makes it unlikely that they will like intensive nurturing in the way that most mothers do. Testosterone inhibits nurturing. In both men and women high levels of testosterone are associated with less interest in babies. Low levels of testosterone are associated with a stronger than average interest in nurturing. If you inject a monkey mother with testosterone, she becomes less interested in her baby. And men have much more testosterone than women. Thus, in those two-career families where husband and wife are determined to share domestic and paid work equally, a common argument ensues because dads typically suggest that they get more paid child-care help; moms typically want less paid help and more time with their children.

If dads were as tormented as moms by prolonged absence from their children, we'd have more unhappiness and more fights over who gets to spend time with the children. By faithfully working at often boring jobs to provide for their families, dads make possible moms who can do less paid work and thereby produce less stressed and happier households. Dads deserve a lot of credit for simply making moms' nurturing of children possible. On Father's Day we should more often notice, and then honor, typical fatherly virtues and declare *vive la différence*. ♦

The Failure of Europe in Bosnia

And the continuing infiltration of Islamic extremists. BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

Sarajevo

WHILE FRENCH AND DUTCH voters are only now venting their discontent with the European Union, the Bosnians have held Brussels in contempt since the onset of their civil war, some 13 years ago. Back then, Europe actively obstructed Bosnian self-defense. The British and French instigated a U.N. weapons embargo that prevented the Bosnians from legally importing arms. A staggering 250,000 people were killed in the ensuing war (out of a population now around 4.5 million). In the decade since the massacre at Srebrenica, where Serbs slaughtered 8,000 Muslim men and boys, Brussels has ruled Bosnia, as provided for under the U.S.-orchestrated Dayton Accords.

This has been a disaster for Bosnians, whether Muslim, Serb, or Croat. European humanitarian colonialism has burdened the country with staggering unemployment (at least the official rate, 44 percent), severely retarded privatization and reconstruction, and perpetuated the partition between a Serbian-occupied zone and a shaky Muslim-Croat federation.

Stephen Schwartz's Two Faces of Islam *has just been published in Bosnian in Sarajevo.*

Muslim Bosnia and neighboring territories also face growing Islamist extremism. Wahhabi missionaries, promoting the ultraradical cult financed by Saudi Arabia, have come back to the Balkans after their expulsion from Sarajevo in the aftermath of September 11. Bosnian authorities acted then with admirable speed in cracking down on the Saudi High Commission for Relief of Bosnia-Herzegovina, a center of al Qaeda activity.

The Saudis have not attempted to reestablish that official presence in Sarajevo, but Wahhabi terror scouts continue to patrol its streets seeking new converts. An educated guess is that at least 200 such meddlers are now at work. Traditional Bosnian Muslim clerics are moderate; they never use the vocabulary of jihad, even in the wake of their bloody war, and they do not refer to Jews and Christians as "unbelievers," even though they fought and were victimized by Orthodox Serbs and Catholic Croats. Enes Karic, a leading professor at the Bosnian Institute of Islamic Studies, told me, "In this country Muslims and Jews always formed a single *umma*," or religious community. The sentiment is novel to hear but deeply felt by local Islamic intellectuals.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, Wahhabis persist in hawking their beheading videos in the streets of Sarajevo, to the alarm of Muslim clergy and theology professors. A report published in the sometimes useful *National Enquirer*-style weekly *Dani* (Days) on January 14 included an interview with one of these men. A Bosnian referred to in the article as "A.S.," he is a fixture outside the Governor's Mosque in downtown Sarajevo. The interview contains this chilling exchange:

> "When you cut a man's throat, you cut the main blood vessels with the knife and death comes almost instantly. Cutting a man's throat is therefore the most humane thing we can do."
>
> A.S. advertised his displayed merchandise that way, staring absentmindedly into the distance. The conversation took place recently in Sarajevo, in front of the Ottoman Governor's Mosque. There A.S. has a makeshift stand offering books, brochures, multimedia CDs for religious Muslims, and various religious items. . . . He offers the biggest hits and compilations from recent battlefields worldwide. Compilations of horror. Afghanistan, "Palestine: The Slaughter of Children," Chechnya (only parts five and six, actually, as the first four sold long ago).
>
> "I am interested in Chechnya. Which part do you recommend?"
>
> "Part six. It shows everything. I have not watched all of it. I have not had the time, but I can attest that it is great. The particularly good part is the one where they kill a captured Russian soldier. You can see everything."
>
> "That is the best part?"
>
> "Of course, they would not have killed him if he had cooperated, but he did not want to go with them. They had to do it," A.S. says, stroking his long beard.

Resid Hafizovic, a leading professor of Islam in Sarajevo, commented, "I cannot see how the police can allow that. Personally, I had no idea such things were happening. Distribution of such materials is forbidden worldwide and is even punishable. . . . [Wahhabis] are fighting not only Russians and Americans, but Muslim traditionalists as well. Wahhabism is a phenomenon that is difficult to explain. The whole world is facing it and there is no way to stop it. To be frank, I am scared. I am particularly worried by the inertness of the system, which is not able to tackle this kind of a problem. . . . It only takes going to the King Fahd mosque during Friday prayer to be terrified."

In the Wal-Mart-sized, architecturally overbearing King Fahd mosque—which opened in 2000 on the outskirts of Sarajevo, built with Saudi money and named for the Saudi monarch—the imam is Nezim Halilovic Muderis, a Bosnian extremist agitator whose antics here I have followed since 1999. Muderis's Friday sermons, available on Bosnian websites, are replete with incitement to violence in Israel, Kashmir, Chechnya, Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, and the Philippines. He preaches the same line on the U.S.-led coalition in Iraq as is heard among the acolytes of terrorist leader Abu Musab al Zarqawi. It is, to say the least, bizarre: "In Falluja, according to statements from the U.S. command, spirits have appeared in the form of enormous spiders, weighing about a kilogram, that only attack U.S. soldiers, and the person who is bitten dies within seconds."

Moderate Bosnian Islam is holding the line against Wahhabi infiltration; Muderis is one of only a handful of clerics publicly preaching extremism. But the situation remains difficult. President Bush and the Iraq war are unpopular here, above all because Bosnian Muslims look to Germany and Turkey for their political cues, and cannot help but be drawn to emulate those nations' anti-American attitudes. At the same time, and notwithstanding Bosnia's stagnation under E.U. administration, Bosnians are avid to become peers of Slovenia, the most successful post-Yugoslav republic, which entered the E.U. in 2004. Like many others in the world these days, Bosnians are confused; and their confusion makes many of them—especially the young—perfect targets for radical recruitment.

Across the border in northern Montenegro, in an obscure district called the Sandjak, Muslims of Bosnian tradition form a majority. But they are poor and neglected by everyone in the world except the Wahhabis. For that reason, Wahhabism has gained a foothold in the small towns and cities of the Sandjak.

Recent reporting in the Serb daily *Vesti* described an attack on traditional Muslims praying in a mosque in the village of Lozna. The local imam, Ragip Licina, was allegedly kicked in the stomach during prayers. Licina said about 20 Wahhabis have appeared in Lozna. "There are more and more of them," Licina commented, describing a series of "assaults on religious persons while they were performing mosque services."

A pattern duplicated elsewhere was described by the traditional Muslims of Sandjak: "In the summer, a young man who had studied Islam in Saudi Arabia held lecture sessions, bringing this kind of teaching to . . . the whole of Montenegro." Wahhabis then tried to beat up clerics in numerous Muslim communities, where ordinary believers had to defend their religious leaders with physical force.

The local struggle against radical Islam is not helped by the fact that Bosnian Serbs, a decade after they savagely shed the blood of their Muslim neighbors, remain so resentful of Clinton-era U.S. intervention in the Balkans that they leap to defend Arab extremists deported from Sarajevo to Guantanamo. Late last year, the Serbian magazine *Novi Reporter* leaked a secret document produced by the Sarajevo authorities regarding six Algerian terror suspects shipped from Bosnia to Guantanamo. Although the men are not of Bosnian origin, the magazine called them Bosnian "nationals" (which plays well among Serbs, who typically mistrust Muslims), and also slammed the United States. To Serbs, Guantanamo is "notorious," with "inhumane" treatment and "inadequate" medical services.

Faced with continuing ideological aggression by Islamists as well as Serb nationalists, the Muslim Bosnians can expect no protection from Europe. Once again, the United States may be called upon to help the Bosnian Muslims. If it is, Washington should not ignore Balkan Muslim clerics who are willing to help in the fight against terror. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN COMPASS™

The Conservative Alternative

76-2000
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

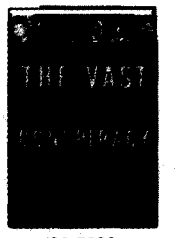
26-2211
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

46-9640
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

86-2100
~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢

Read the truth here...

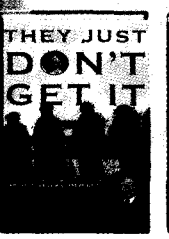
96-5587
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢



96-5320
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

76-1341
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

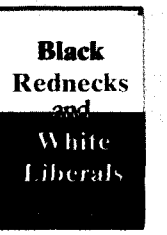
86-9190
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢



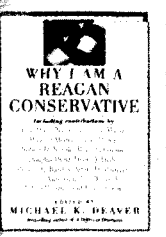
66-9289
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

35-8081
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢

76-1010
~~$28.00~~ NOW 20¢



56-9641
~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢



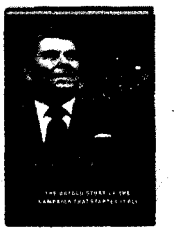
57-4649
~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢

06-2102
~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢

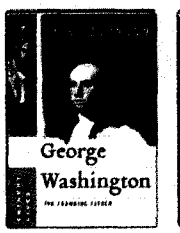
94-3160
~~$26.95~~ NOW 20¢

85-8241
~~$18.00~~ NOW 20¢

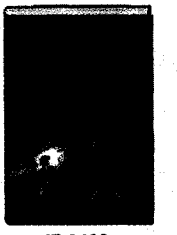
83-8096
~~$26.95~~ NOW 20¢



95-6428
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢



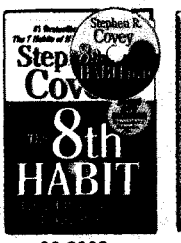
97-4312
~~$19.95~~ NOW 20¢



47-3493
~~$30.00~~ NOW 20¢

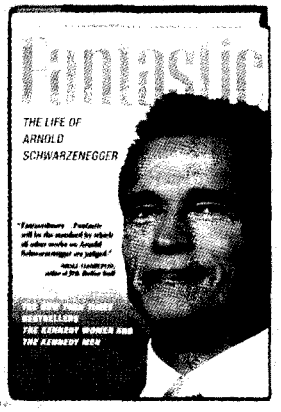
56-8959
~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢

67-3048
~~$28.00~~ NOW 20¢

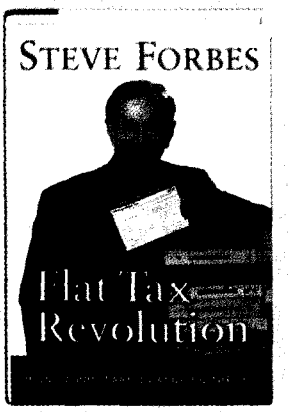


86-8093
~~$26.00~~ NOW 20¢

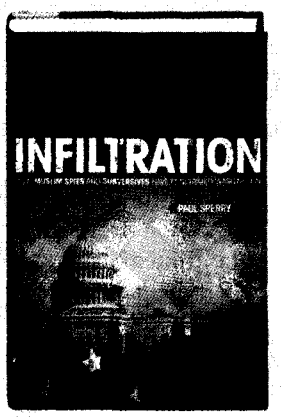
36-1008
~~$30.00~~ NOW 20¢



Arnold is just what the state of California needs right now. He's a tough-minded capitalist. He's also a crisis manager: smart, organized, visionary, and fearless. Leamer shows how this mega-star with the mega-ego has rescued the Golden State from its worst fiscal crisis since the Great Depression.
26-5505
~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢



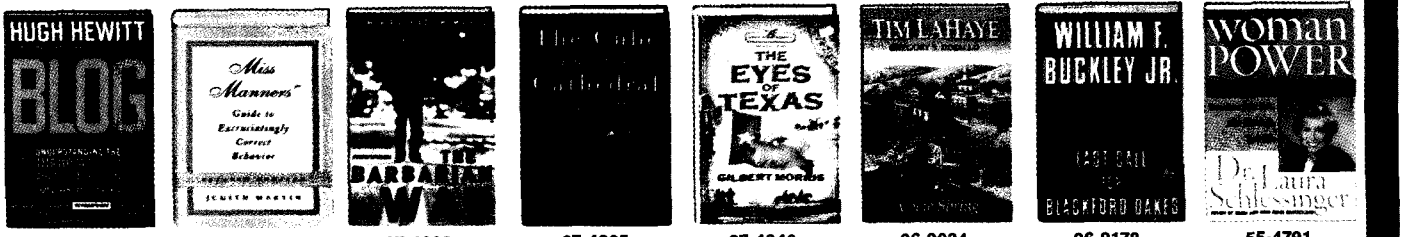
In its simplest form the *Flat Tax Revolution* is just that: a single, standard percentage paid by every American taxpayer. In its most classic presentation, it is literally a tithe, a tenth of income paid to the feds. Mr. Forbes proposes a more sobering 17%.
77-4494
~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢



As we fight terrorism abroad, Islamists are here—infiltrating our schools, our military, the FBI, even the White House staff. Paul Sperry translates the Aesopian language with which they cloak their intentions and exposes their enablers among Americans who should know better.
65-7979
~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢

SAVE UP TO $151 OFF
PUB. ED. PRICES WITH THIS OFFER.

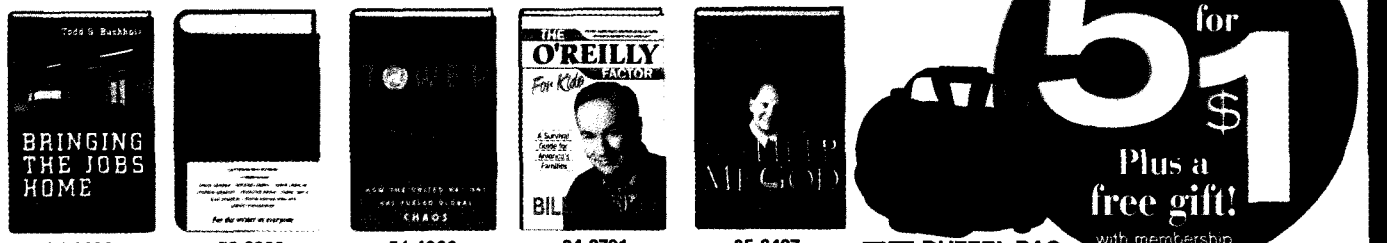
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



26-1007 ~~$19.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 27-4358 ~~$35.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 07-4008 ~~$16.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 07-4305 ~~$23.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 97-4940 ~~$13.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 06-9034 ~~$14.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 26-9178 ~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 55-4791 ~~$22.95~~ NOW 20¢

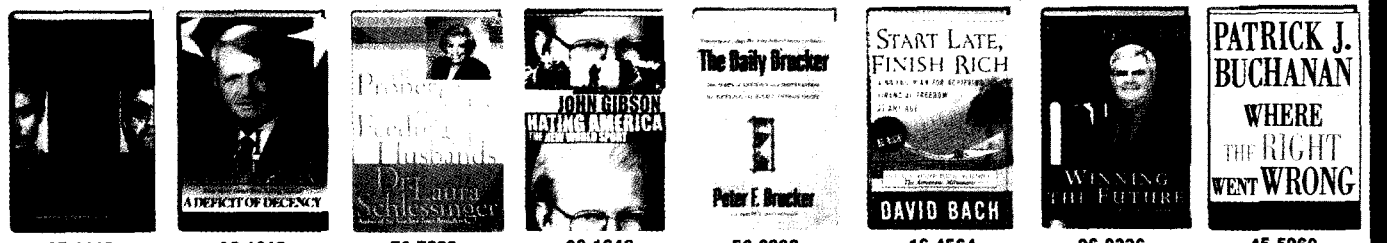
steer clear of liberal media

Choose 5 books for $1 Plus a free gift! with membership

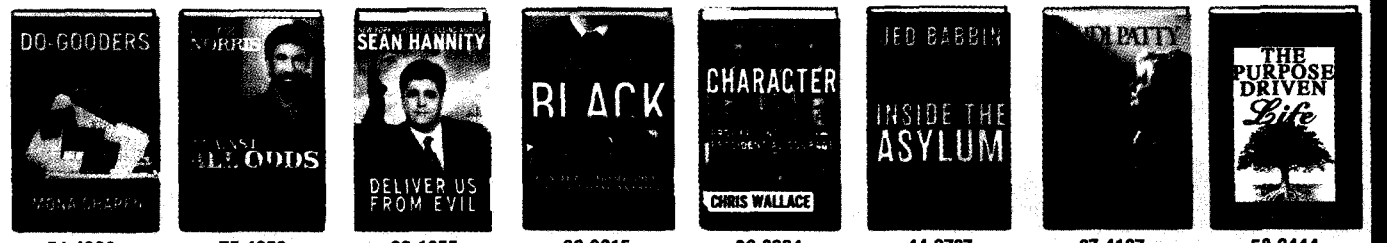


95-1486 ~~$19.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 53-8283 ~~$40.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 54-4966 ~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 24-3791 ~~$22.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 85-6427 ~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢

FREE DUFFEL BAG with membership



05-1113 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 06-1013 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 78-7322 ~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 89-1646 ~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 56-8298 ~~$19.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 16-4564 ~~$25.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 36-8336 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 45-5260 ~~$24.95~~ NOW 20¢



54-4990 ~~$25.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 75-4959 ~~$24.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 29-1055 ~~$28.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 66-0615 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 86-8224 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 44-2787 ~~$27.95~~ NOW 20¢ | 67-4137 ~~$18.00~~ NOW 20¢ | 58-2444 ~~$18.00~~ NOW 20¢

CURRENT AFFAIRS FAMILY MATTERS
FAITH BESTSELLERS
HISTORY REFERENCE

RISK-FREE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Membership is easy! Just buy 5 books for $1. Your bill (including shipping and handling, and sales tax where applicable) will come with your books and FREE Gift when membership is confirmed, unless otherwise notified. **Satisfaction is guaranteed.** If for any reason you're not satisfied with your Introductory Package, please return it within 20 days of receipt *at our expense*. Your membership will be canceled and you'll owe nothing. **Save up to 50% off publishers' edition prices.** Every book we offer is a high-quality, full-text edition sometimes altered in size. Just purchase at least 4 more books at regular Club prices within the next 2 years. Shipping and handling (plus sales tax, where applicable) is added to each order. After buying 4 books you may resign at any time or remain a member for as long as you wish. **More savings now!** Buy a 6th book now for just $5.95, plus shipping and handling, and reduce your membership agreement to only 3 books in the next 2 years. **The FREE Club magazine is sent to you 12 times a year** (about every 4 weeks). Each issue reviews the main selections and a variety of alternate books. **Ordering is risk-free.** Main selections are sent to you automatically. To cancel shipment—or to order other books—simply return your Member Reply Form by the marked date or log on to our Web site. Shipping and handling (plus sales tax, where applicable) is added to each order. You'll always have 10 days to decide. If you get unwanted books because your Member Reply Form came late, return them *at our expense* and we'll credit your account. **Save time, join online** at www.JoinAmericanCompass.com. CON0506PT-02

AMERICAN COMPASS
The Conservative Alternative

Mail to:
PO Box 6452
Camp Hill, PA 17012-6452

*Please write 6-digit book numbers here:

–
–
–
–
–

Send No Money Now!

Yes! Please enroll me in *American Compass* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 5 BOOKS I have indicated at right, with membership. Bill me $1.00, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy just 4 more books in the next 2 years. Please send my FREE Gift with membership. Initial Here: _____
Must be 18 & over or parent must sign.

Mr./Mrs. Miss/Ms. _____
Address _____
_____
City _____
State _____ ZIP _____

Do you have a telephone? ❒ Yes ❒ No
Have you ever bought anything by mail? ❒ Yes ❒ No
How have you paid? ❒ Cash ❒ Credit Card ❒ Check ❒ Money Order #604

▼ For great online-only sales, please provide e-mail address.▼

For faster ordering, join online at www.JoinAmericanCompass.com

Members accepted in USA only. Sales tax added where applicable. Membership subject to approval.

SAVE MORE NOW! I wish to order another book for $5.95, plus shipping and handling (billed later) and reduce my commitment to only 3 books in 2 years.
▼ Write book number here:
–

1•30•5•RD•1•24U•06•A(-)•604
CON0506PT-02 06/13/05

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hunting Bubba

Can political consultants Dave "Mudcat" Saunders and Steve Jarding win rural voters back to the Democratic party?

By Matt Labash

Roanoke, Virginia

"You're slower than cream rising on s—. Haul ass down here so we can get this piece knocked out, Brotha!" As I barrel down I-81 in Virginia's Blue Ridge country, Dave "Mudcat" Saunders is growling on the other end of the line. He first entered my consciousness in the summer of 2003, like some force of nature sent my way by the Color Gods of Feature Writing.

Back then, I was one of a group of short-straw reporters assigned to cover Bob Graham's "family vacation," a Winnebago caravan across Iowa that, in a lucky break for the Graham grandchildren, coincided with presidential campaign season. Stuck on a chaser pontoon on the Mississippi River for a fishing photo-op, we watched Graham, on the lead boat, do what he did best throughout the campaign: aimlessly drift.

Mudcat (a childhood nickname earned by tireless bottom-fishing of the Roanoke River) was serving as Graham's "Bubba Coordinator." A couple of years earlier, Mudcat and his mentor, Steve Jarding, had become a hot ticket: They'd masterminded Mark Warner's ride to the governor's mansion in Virginia by figuring out how he could pick off the rural vote, a feat Democrats hadn't accomplished in the state in nearly a generation. Subsequently, the two formalized their partnership and hung out a shingle, calling the firm "Rural Renaissance." After a brief stint with John Edwards, whose campaign they fled over philosophical differences with other staffers, the pair signed on with Graham, who himself had entered the race so late that his poll numbers never stopped resembling those of Dennis Kucinich.

That morning on the Mississippi, Graham hands had imported Mudcat to give good quote, attempting to distract us from the candidate's inadequacies. But Mudcat too had to suffer the indignities of a tanking campaign. His hotel room had mistakenly been given away the night before, so he'd been forced to sleep at a truck stop, where he'd taken a $3 shower. He showed up on our pontoon boat Ivory-fresh and full of vinegar. He explained away Graham's lack of success as a fisherman by highlighting the candidate's unique catch-and-release system: "He releases them before he catches them." He told us that he suspected the Potomac River was the holiest in the world, since "you can take the dumbest sonofabitch and put him on the other side of that river and all of a sudden it becomes *Good Will Hunting*." When querulous reporters tried to kick his man's slats in, he didn't get nervous or defensive. Instead, he threatened to "Bobby Knight y'all's ass."

All told, it was a bravura performance. After a few captive hours under Mudcat's spell, listening to him spin how Graham could take the South, how he was knowledgeable enough to discuss "the gestation period of the Antarctic kiwi," how he could make the blind see and the lame walk, even the most hard-bitten among us thought Graham would last longer than another month and a half, which is actually all he had left. I also remember imagining that Mudcat would be even livelier without the encumbrance of a dead-weight candidate. I imagined right.

I decided to renew the acquaintance upon reading that he and Jarding had just signed with Simon & Schuster to do a book for mid-six-figures, not bad for two campaign strategists whose candidate had finished way out of the money. Just try to conceive of anyone reading the political musings of John Kerry campaign manager Mary Beth Cahill, let alone paying for the privilege.

Foxes in the Henhouse is due to be released next spring. It is probably the first pox-on-both-parties manifesto to come with a companion CD. Mudcat, 56, is a bluegrass fiend who hopes to get many of his friends in the music world to contribute to the disc. Bluegrass royalty like the Del McCoury clan and Ralph Stanley Jr. (who he simply calls "Two") are his compadres. He's already working out the title song for the CD with bluegrass virtuoso Ronnie Bowman, who's cowritten, along with Music Row Democrats cofounder Don Cook, Brooks & Dunn's current chart-topping single. Mudcat guards the *Foxes* lyrics as if they

Matt Labash is senior writer at The Weekly Standard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo courtesy Dave Saunders

Dave "Mudcat" Saunders: "Rednecks drink beer and watch their big-screens," he says. "Bubba scouts."

were his daughter's chastity (though he's pretty generous in sharing his other verse via email, including a favorite break-up poem he sent a girl, elegantly titled "F— you": *I'm glad that you treated me rotten / I'm glad that you made me cry / Cause it's much, much easier to say 'F— you' / Than it is to say 'Good-bye'*).

The book itself, as Mudcat describes it, will "take a wire brush to Republicans" for peeling off traditional Democrats in southern and rural areas under false pretenses, first through Nixon's race-tinged Southern Strategy, then by suckering Reagan Democrats after preaching the gospel of limited government and heartland values while selling their jobs out to big business and socking the country with runaway deficits. But the screed is not only a prescription for how to bring those Democrats home on issues such as gays and guns. It's a stink-bomb lobbed at fellow Democrats—or as Mudcat often calls them, "f—in' Democrats," the northeastern liberals who he feels have contempt for his culture, and whom he dislikes more than he dislikes Republicans. (While the "foxes" in their tale are Republicans, Democratic leaders aren't so much hens as they are "possums—the ones who roll over and play dead.")

By now, it should be clear that Mudcat has a foul-language problem. It is the rare utterance that goes by without some similar indelicacy. But he doesn't curse for shock value so much as for percussion, working the blue words like a kick-drum to help his sentences get off on time. "My vocabulary is less than 200 words," he says by way of apology, asking at one point, as a favor to his aged mother, that I not quote him saying he no longer goes to "goddamn church." I accede. (What he actually said was "f—ing church.")

Which is not to say the lifelong Baptist isn't big on Jesus. As a kid, he preached a youth service in which two congregants got saved. Unlike most political types, particularly of the Democratic persuasion, he is unabashed about his faith, to the point that he calls it "blasphemy" to employ it for political ends. He thinks the pulpit is no place for politics, and vice versa. It's part of the reason he quit attending.

"I got sick of preachers telling me how great Reagan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was." (He voted for Reagan in 1980, though he now claims, "I was drunk.") "Jesus don't give endorsements," Mudcat thunders. "He don't give a damn about partisan politics. G-O-P, God's Only Party—that's bool-sheet. And it's bool-sheet that He's a Democrat—they'll tell you to doomsday about Him healing the sick and clothing the nekkid, as if that's proof. He's too big to get involved in partisan politics. I know this, because when I'm in politics, and pray about it, I don't get any answers. But when I pray about my heart, I get an answer *right now*."

After I check into the Hotel Roanoke, Mudcat picks me up in his SUV, wearing the usual: shorts, MotorCraft "Wood Brothers" ballcap, and a slack, all-purpose smile that could equally be saying "Welcome to Roanoke!" or "What the hell are you looking at?" He smokes like a Rustbelt factory. His dashboard features a pack of Winstons, his round-the-clock cigarette, as well as unfiltered Camels, which he uses to mainline nicotine when some restaurant or other nanny-state nuisance is about to make him go without.

As we drive off, he is already under the full sway of the religious tunes blaring from his stereo. He DJs furiously, as he will throughout my visit, both at home and in the car. During interviews, conversation halts and important points are lost as he leans over and says, "Listen to this, Brotha," then strives with all his might to hit the high, lonesome notes. He plays his preselected "funeral song," Junior Sisk's version of "Purple Robe" (which Junior has already agreed to show up and sing, assuming Mudcat goes first).

He also blares the Bluegrass Brothers' version of "He Will Set Your Fields On Fire." In between croaking the chorus (*If you don't from sin retire / He will set your fields on fire*), he tells me about fulfilling his duties as Bubba Coordinator for various candidates.

For Graham, Mudcat tapped his contacts in the worlds of stock car racing, bluegrass, and Bubba-land generally, to turn out Dr. Ralph Stanley, Daytona champ Ward Burton, and Ben "Cooter" Jones from *The Dukes of Hazzard* for a single event. Scoff if you will, but in some pockets of rural Virginia, this lineup is tantamount to producing the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

When working with Mark Warner, he actually enlisted the Bluegrass Brothers to record Warner's campaign song. Mudcat had written the words in the shower, setting them to the music of "Dooley," which was originally sung by the Dillards of *The Andy Griffith Show*. This, on top of getting Jon Wood of the Wood Brothers racing dynasty to drive a "Mark Warner" emblazoned Ford F-150 in NASCAR's Craftsman truck series.

With Mudcat overseeing the pyrotechnics and Jarding rolling out Warner's pro-rural policy initiatives, to give his message both substance and street-cred, the pair pulled off a victory all the more eye-popping in that their candidate was far from the best on paper to execute the Bubba strategy. Their maneuvers (Mudcat describes himself as a sergeant to Jarding's general) helped Warner—a Connecticut-raised, Harvard Law-educated telecom millionaire—get over with southwestern Virginia voters, to the tune of picking up 101,000 votes. These came from the very same voters who'd given Democrats spankings for years, and who just 12 months before had rejected Democrat Chuck Robb against Republican George Allen for the Senate by roughly the same margin.

Even Republicans have to give the pair their due, sort of. While Mike Murphy, a Republican strategist, speculates that Mudcat and Jarding will "probably be ignored" by their party, he calls their line "one-third true, two-thirds hokum. It's a Carville-lite act with a NASCAR twist, aimed mostly at neurotic urban liberal reporters who love the southern fried two-fisted-damn-Democrat'n'proud-of-it noble savage shtick." Murphy adds that they "need to win a few more races before I (or Graham or Edwards) grant any big genius kudos. That said, I like Mudcat, and they do understand how to win governor's races in the South."

Considering that two southern governors are the only Democrats who've won the presidency in the last 35 years, it's nothing to sneeze at. Neither is Mudcat and Jarding's feel for southern white males, particularly rural ones, who used to be Democrats' most reliable constituency and now can't leave the party fast enough. These voters helped George W. Bush clean-sweep the South twice—the first time against Al Gore, a southern white Protestant. Even Bill Clinton, a southern white Protestant with more persuasive Bubba credentials, managed to carry only four southern states in each of his two victories. (By contrast, John Kennedy, a northeastern Catholic, garnered six.)

One of Mudcat's myriad *cris de coeur* (besides the lament that Democrats "have no testosterone" and are unable to "get through the culture" of the South) is that his party can't count. "Politics is about addition, that's all it is. It's not difficult," he says, giving me a primer on Mudcat math. "If I go get a white male," he asks, "how many votes do I get?" One, I reply. "No," he says impatiently, "I get two. Because I just took one away from Republicans."

It is the most elegantly simple precept, he says, one that could end the Democratic drought, and yet they don't see it because they think targeting Bubba males alienates their base and smacks of racism. "No it doesn't," he says. "My African-American friends want to win as much as I do. . . . Democrats are insane. They say Republicans are insane, but *they* win. I don't see anything insane about winning."

Time after time, Mudcat says, he butts up against the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intellectual condescension of the northeastern ruling elite in his party, who dismiss a counteroffensive out of hand.

When he and Jarding approached the Democratic National Committee about sponsoring a NASCAR truck decked out with fire-snorting donkey nostrils—as they'd done successfully with Warner, and as everyone from the NRA to the U.S. Navy has also done, as a way to start cracking the culture—he says they were rebuffed. "It wasn't the demographic they were going for." I ask what they were going for. "Fat women from New England," he snaps.

Or take John Kerry, he says, a prototypical modern Democrat, who when it comes to the South alternates between not trying at all and looking like he's trying too hard. At one campaign stop, Kerry forsook his classical guitar to break into some Johnny Cash. "I'll tell anyone who will listen how much I enjoy playing 'Ring of Fire,'" Kerry dorkishly told *Newsweek*.

Mudcat says that on the trail once, Kerry took him aside and told him that after the nomination was locked up, the campaign was headed south and Mudcat could "be there for the ride." A few weeks later, back home in New England, at Dartmouth, Kerry told an audience, "Everybody always makes the mistake of looking south," pointing out that Al Gore nearly became president without winning one southern state. "Now did you see Bush concede any state?" Mudcat asks rhetorically. "Hell no. The Democrats are a bunch of dumb-asses, is what they are." The way Mudcat sees it, Kerry telegraphed contempt for southerners, and in one fell swoop shot the bird to one-fourth of the country. "I'm not going to call him phony," says Mudcat, "But I am going to say he sprayed down my leg and told me it was raining."

Mudcat's house smacks up against the Blue Ridge foothills, with Back Creek snaking through a front lawn that is littered with deer feed and bow-hunting buck targets on which he scores lung shots, yawning, from 50 yards away. A moralist at heart, he won't shoot actual deer in his own yard.

It's an appropriate abode for a guy who's gotten so much mileage out of being a specialist in NASCAR Dads, though the term itself elicits an eruption of expletives. To his credit, he hates it. It has the ring of an election-year neologism (Security Moms, Office Park Dads, Duplicate Bridge Club Aunts) hatched by political consultants eager to keep up their chat-show bookings by conning producers into thinking they've figured out a new wrinkle.

Mudcat prefers to call them "white males" or just "Bubbas," not only because it annoys the elites in his own party, but because NASCAR fandom itself is grossly misunderstood. Forty percent of the followers of stock car racing are women, and only 38 percent live in the South (a new track is opening in Staten Island). The advantages of slapping a candidate's name on a car, silly as it seems to some, are obvious, Mudcat says. NASCAR fans are fiercely loyal, and they are three times more likely than the average consumer to buy products advertised on their favorite driver's car. For a candidate who does this, it's just one weapon in his arsenal, he says. It won't win you a political race, but it can get you a hearing with voters who would otherwise be indifferent. "It's branding, Brotha, just like Downy and Budweiser."

He jokes that I'll have him wearing a coonskin cap by the time I write the piece. But that would only be a slight exaggeration. Mudcat has made a nice chunk as a local real-estate developer (politics largely being a hobbyhorse). He and his real-estate partner, a regional publishing magnate named Richard Wells, are partly responsible for revitalizing downtown Roanoke. But his house is a modest converted migrant worker's shack with low ceilings and heart-pine floors. Twice-divorced with two daughters who don't live with him, he inhabits a monument to southern bachelorhood and legal violence.

The big-screen in his living room features a constant loop of NASCAR races and hunting shows. The decor is Davy Crockett as told by Ted Nugent. A bobcat that met its end by Mudcat's hand serves as a valance over his living-room window. Antlers protrude on every side, and turkey beards and feet, used to make hat-bands, junk up his refrigerator. In his study, where Mudcat's knocking out his section of the book (Jarding's doing most of the heavy lifting), nine monster buck heads, mounted but not hung, sit on the floor in a semicircle around his computer stand, as if they were trying to spy a glance at what their liquidator is writing. Even his cat, named Kitty, is a stone-cold killer, preying on everything from rabbits to bats, and regularly leaving gut-piles on Mudcat's porch.

When Howard Dean stepped in it, during the run-up to primary season 2004, by suggesting that his party needed to appeal to guys who have Confederate-flag decals on their pickup trucks, Mudcat was his target demographic. Mudcat's bedspread is a large Confederate flag, which he pedantically insists is the battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia. The rest of the Confederacy appropriated it, he says, because it was Virginians like J.E.B. Stuart and Stonewall Jackson who "did most of the ass-kicking."

Since his own great-grandfather got his shoulder blown out by a yankee at Seven Pines, Mudcat is a proud member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. But he wants it made absolutely clear that his celebration of heritage doesn't mean he's some racist—a common misconception, he says, which is why his fellow Democrats reacted to Dean as though he'd advocated electrocuting puppies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many of Mudcat's hunting buddies are black, and he points out that he hasn't shot any of them. In fact, he regularly pronounces against the racists who have tarnished his culture. He keeps a loaded shotgun set against a wall in his dining room, not only to "blast varmints," but also to warn any racists who've heard his taunts and want to stop by for an unfriendly debate. "I'd shoot one of them, and not feel a thing," he says.

Standing around his kitchen, he offers me a beer. I ask if he has anything stronger, and he looks at me like I'm in for it now. Rummaging through his freezer, past the bear slabs and deer burgers, rainbow trout and frog-legs (much of which he will send home with me in a Styrofoam cooler), he pulls out a mason jar of purple stuff, a damson plum bobbing in it like a cork.

His house sits near the Franklin County line, which is the moonshine capital of the world. Everyone around here, a friend of his later tells me, has "either made it once, hauled it twice, or drank it a lot." Mudcat commands me to "hit some of this." I take a polite swallow and hand it back. Once a ferocious alcoholic, Mudcat hasn't had a drink in 22 years. He calls his sobriety "a gift from God." But he mocks my baby sip, saying, "Take a damn drink of likker, Boy."

I take five successive gulps, and am amazed by its smooth, fruity finish. This is followed by a 200-proof mule-kick to the head, like drinking two double bourbons through a straw, fast. "There you go," he says, approvingly. He screws the top back on, then hands me the jar. "Give some of this to Bill Kristol," he says, "I like him. Tell him I can make a run if he needs some pint bottles to give to his friends at Christmas."

"He's Jewish," I say.

"Well then tell him Happy Hanukkah from Mudcat," he responds.

Our revelry is interrupted by a rap at the door. One of Mudcat's neighbors has come over with a friend who wants to meet him. Seeing I'm a reporter, the neighbor introduces himself as Cravin Moorehead, a name I use all evening. Not until later when I'm transcribing my tapes, and sound out the name real slow, do I realize I've been had. His friend is Bobby the Eye Doctor. They are both deep into vodka tonics, which they've brought with them in plastic cups. They are celebrating Cravin's first kill of turkey season, which ends in only two days. "I've got the monkey off my back," Cravin says, after going 27 straight mornings without pulling the trigger.

When Cravin tells Bobby I'm profiling Mudcat, Bobby asks if I work for a hunting magazine. He has no idea of Mudcat's political involvements. Bobby just wanted to meet him, because Mudcat is something of a legendary hunter in the area. The winner of numerous "big-buck" contests, Mudcat likes to spend every day of deer season up on the mountain, one of the reasons he says he honestly doesn't care if he ever touches another campaign. And he's known to scout the terrain months before the season opens. "Rednecks drink beer and watch their big-screens," says Mudcat. "Bubba scouts."

We adjourn to the porch, and talk hunting for what seems like several hours, while Mudcat encourages the boys to finish off the damson, "cause after this story comes out, I can't have this s— in the house." After hearing about my magazine, Bobby identifies himself as a "f—in' die-hard Republican. I love W. He's the man!" Mudcat settles in with his iced tea, and goes to work on Bobby's head. He drills him over the Contract With America, not because Mudcat disagrees with it, but because he says power-drunk, decadent Republicans have largely forsaken their principles and quit acting like Republicans.

Bobby takes strong issue, saying you can't blame Republicans for the deficit, since the economy is partly responsible. "Well they write the goddamned budget!" says Mudcat. "And the president is a Republican—who else do I blame?" Mudcat tells Bobby he may be a Democrat, but he's a fiscal conservative who believes in the sanctity of the Constitution and has a poor opinion of the Patriot Act. Furthermore, he tells Bobby that "there ain't 50 cents difference in you and I politically." Sure, Bobby's a good Baptist who thinks gays have no right to get married, while Mudcat thinks it's a states-rights issue, and takes a more laissez faire attitude toward homosexuals, as long as he's not the object of their attentions.

But much as he did during the Warner campaign, when he and Jarding neutralized the NRA by forming their own pro-gun sportsmen's committees, Mudcat sings the glories of gun rights, and tells Bobby that as a sportsman he should be grievously offended that Bush relaxed standards on coal-fired generators. "They're throwing 3.2 percent more acid rain in our streams," he emphasizes. "They're killin' our f—in' brook trout. They're gone!"

Bobby, who earlier said he didn't want to talk politics, by now is nodding furiously. Hitting an array of other cultural issues—mostly Democratic planks formulated in Bubba English—Mudcat's about ready to draw the net. He says that to keep their rural children home, they need to give them a reason to stay, through investment and better education. "We need to keep our culture," says Mudcat.

"Yeah," amens Bobby, and "what's the bulls— with the ban on Sunday hunting?"

"You're not a redneck," says Mudcat. "You're the spirit of Bubba, son. Just like Cravin sitting over there." He tells them that inside every rural Republican is a Democrat trying to get out. If a Democrat "would give you a reason to vote for him, you'd vote for him," promises Mudcat. "But they don't know how to shoot at Bubba."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by Matt Labash

Mudcat and friends in his home office

He brings up Sportsmen for Kerry as an example, saying that the group's number one initiative was fully funding national parks. "Why the f— do we want to fully fund parks we can't hunt?" screams Mudcat. Even Cravin, who's gone completely mellow in his vodka-tonic stupor, but who periodically interrupts with outbursts in which he refers to himself in the third person, interjects, "Cravin Moorehead says that don't make any sense!"

By now, Mudcat is feeding off his audience. "I can take you down the road to Damascus in about four hours," he tells the boys.

"C'mon, Paul," says Bobby, "Bring it!"

"I can't make you vote for a Democrat," Mudcat continues, "But I can make you look at one." By the time we all take the fraternal leak in Mudcat's yard, Bobby the Eye Doctor, the former die-hard Republican, is ready to look, assuring Mudcat, "You know what? I vote for the person, not the party."

After hours of listening to Mudcat talk about how he hates foreign interventions but supports a robust military, about how he detests high taxes and profligate spending, about how he can't stand demonizing all rich people as greedheads, and how he's fervently pro-Second Amendment, I tell him he sounds an awful lot like an old-school Republican. Why not save some time and just become one? "Because since the beginning of time, the big sonofabitch has kicked the little sonofabitch's ass," he says. "Republicans are the big sonsofbitches. And I happen to like the little sonsofbitches. They're my people."

Over the next few days, Mudcat offers a crash course on "The Culture." He takes me to one of his many hunt clubs in the mountains, to pull rainbow trout out of a stocked pond. He wheels me over to Franklin County's Callaway USA, a legendary outlaw racetrack run by his good friend Whitey Taylor.

Whitey is a promotions genius who features attractions from schoolbus races to tracks hosed down with water on final laps for a little slip'n'slide. Amateurs are encouraged to push their junkers to the limit, though Whitey gets mad when they hit the wall and catch fire. His fire extinguishers cost more than many of the cars. His philosophy: "Let it burn. It's part of the show, man."

The only things Whitey says you need at his track are a "seatbelt, a helmet, and no brains—nobody's been disqualified for the latter yet." When we pull up to the track, Mudcat doesn't stop in the parking lot, or even drive over to the infield. Instead, he guns it right onto the track proper, opening up his brand new Jeep Cherokee. He nearly flips us on the steep embankment of the first turn, while feathering us out of the high groove on the second. As I white-knuckle it, he lets out a rebel yell: "I'll show you a NASCAR Dad, Brotha!" (We later found out he ruined his tires, but Whitey called to say we made the house record book for logging the fastest lap done by a late model SUV "without us having to empty out your britches.")

Our best excursion, however, is a predawn turkey hunt on Bent Mountain. He's carrying heavy gear and I just a notebook, yet he seems to walk twice as fast as I can on the five-mile trek over hill and hollow. Mudcat moves through the brush like a shadow, while branches whack me in the face as I lag. "Sorry," he says, "didn't mean to Three-Stooges you."

Boasting of his hunter's skill at bird calls, he says he can summon "a turkey egg up a hill." But despite his best efforts using a wooden Lynch Box, then a turkey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diaphragm, a little rubber piece that he pops into his mouth (and which he says can also be used for contraception with "wild hillbilly women"), the turkeys seem to have gone into hiding. So instead we're left identifying animal droppings. "That's bear," he says, pointing to a pile that looks like a Wendy's double-cheeseburger without the cheese. "And that's coyote, you can tell because of the hair in it." I'm impressed by his breadth of knowledge. He says, "Mudcat knows his s—."

He explains that deer droppings are vital to the expert hunter. If you pop a few in your mouth, you can tell if it's a buck or a doe that you're tracking. The buck's is bitter, the doe's sweeter because of her mammary glands. As we encounter some, I challenge him to chow down. "Not fresh enough to tell," he says.

The downtime allows me to get his biographical particulars. After college at Virginia Tech, he became a local sportswriter. Instead of going to the games as instructed by his editor, however, he'd often listen to the play-by-play on the radio at the Coffee Pot, a raucous roadhouse that featured the likes of Root Boy Slim, who used to vomit on stage after playing "Boogie Til You Puke."

Working at a paper in Newport News, Mudcat was briefly assigned to the Baltimore Colts, and relished all the free Schaefer's beer and crabcakes in the press box. But he didn't exactly cover himself in glory. In the lockerroom one day, Mudcat noticed Johnny Unitas's shower habits and asked him why he dried his nether regions before his head. He wasn't invited back. It was probably just as well. Mudcat had tired of dealing with "the egos of big men in short pants," and was ready for a change. After serial unemployment, and after developing an increasing problem with alcohol that resulted in lots of barfights (he says his career record is 0-67), he got into the real-estate game after cheating on the exam by buying old tests. "I didn't know what a deed of trust was, but I knew it was 'd' on the multiple choice."

He became one of the region's top salesmen, but when the market took a downturn in the early '80s, he nearly went bankrupt in every way, bottoming out with alcoholism and losing his family. He decided to blow his brains out on Sinking Creek Mountain. He rigged his rifle to make it look like a hunting accident, which would allow his relatives to collect some life insurance. But as he was about to pull the trigger, he stopped and prayed, saying, "God, if you're there, help me." He looked up and saw the bluest sky he'd ever seen. "I heard birds singing and s—," he says. "I wasn't like Oral Roberts. I didn't see any 75-story Jesus. But to me, hearing birds tweeting and seeing blue sky, it was a miracle. I started thinking things might be all right."

Afterwards, he gave up booze, and remastered the real-estate market. But he got itchy for some new action around 2001. His old DUI lawyer and friend Dickie Cranwell, then a powerhouse in the Virginia legislature, introduced him to the Warner campaign and Steve Jarding. Jarding had some unusual ideas about how to pick up rural voters, but needed someone with the contacts and touch to make it happen. The two were made for each other, and have been a team since. "He's a political genius," Mudcat says of his partner. "He's the hammer, I'm just a nail."

As we come off the mountain, we see a fresh, gleaming pile of deer droppings. "You gonna eat some?" he asks, since I had earlier promised to. "No chance," I tell him, "I thought you were kidding." He picks a few pellets up, and pops them in his mouth. After chewing them thoughtfully, he renders a verdict. "Buck," he declares. "What does it taste like?" I ask, now in medical shock. "Like s—," he says.

I meet Mudcat's partner at a restaurant in Old Town Alexandria. It is where Steve Jarding lives when not teaching up at Harvard's Kennedy School, a place that has provided the two with a pool of eager researchers for their book. They call the kids "The Dukes of Harvard" with gleeful irony, since Harvard is the very bastion of northeastern elitism they are decrying. "These kids haven't been ruined yet," says Mudcat.

Jarding is as reclusive as Mudcat is media-friendly. When I ask him to provide a photo because I've been unable to find one of him, he says, "Good. I hate photos." A burly 47-year-old who wears a "Deny Everything" ballcap, Jarding grew up in small towns across South Dakota, and like Mudcat is an avid hunter. He is the youngest of eight children, whose father died when he was four months old. His mom was a Nixon Republican, but steadily grew more liberal, resenting the way Republicans soured voters against their government when, after all, it was the government that gave her a Social Security check to help make ends meet, and put all eight of her children through college when she had no money to send them.

Jarding is a purer partisan than Mudcat. In South Dakota, he was George McGovern's paper boy, and his first political gig came at 10 years old, when he volunteered for Bobby Kennedy. On the morning after Kennedy was shot, his Hubert Humphrey-loving uncle broke the news. A gutfighter even then, Jarding says, "I was pissed. I asked him, 'Why did they kill Kennedy and not Humphrey?'"

After a series of local and state Democratic party political jobs, he spent much of the '90s attached to former Senator Bob Kerrey. When it became clear Kerrey wouldn't run for president in 2000, Jarding took over Warner's campaign, and, as was his custom, checked in with Mark

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gersh, an electoral numbers whiz at the National Committee for an Effective Congress. When Jarding told him he was working Warner, Gersh told Jarding that was too bad, because Warner couldn't win with just Virginia's traditional Democratic base.

Jarding insisted there were legions of untapped rural persuadables, and "Gersh lit up like a lamp," says Jarding. "He said, 'Not only do I believe it, I'll show you.'" Gersh told Jarding that all of his research indicated that there were more persuadable voters in rural areas than in the suburbs. The data suggested formerly Democratic rural voters were voting Republican out of habit, and largely on cultural issues, but they weren't necessarily satisfied customers. Jarding says 25 years after the Reagan Democrat phenomenon, "they said they hadn't gotten a damn thing for that vote. 'Our infrastructure is falling apart, we don't have any jobs here, we can't make a living.' According to Gersh's research, they were pissed off. Gersh said, 'They're voting Republican, but they're not Republican. You can get them back.' I said, 'How do I get them back?' He said, 'That's your job, I'm just telling you they're out there.'"

Jarding met Mudcat, launched their rural offensive, and the rest is election history. While Jarding is more of a traditional Democrat than Mudcat, he's just as peevish when it comes to recent Democratic behavior toward rural and southern voters: "If you say to them, 'You're voting against your own economic interest,' is that true? Damn right, it's true. But it sounds belittling. It sounds like you're saying, 'You're an idiot.' No, Democrats, you're the idiots. They're voting on their values. They're voting on something out there, because the other side gave them something to vote on. You've given them nothing, and while you're doing that, suicide rates are up. Unemployment rates are up. Wages are down—it's a terrible mess in rural America. And you've got the economic issues where you can go get 'em, but you've got to get through the culture and through to their values. Don't act like they don't exist. Democrats miss that point, and if they get that point, they're going to win a helluva lot of races."

When I ask Jarding why Democrats should necessarily concentrate on a demographic that's been hostile to them, since there's only a finite pie and limited resources, he grows increasingly animated: "I'd say let Republicans make that argument. Go to rural America and say, 'You're a finite pie, so screw you! All 21 percent of the country of you, all 60 million of you. You're a finite pie!" Jarding, who nearly entered the priesthood before casting his lot in politics, says, "It's a moral argument. How morally right is it for our Democratic nominee for president to tell 60 million people, 'You don't matter to me'?"

Jarding says it's high time Democrats stopped worrying about appeasing the base, which isn't big enough to win national elections, and started making inroads into the approximately 35 percent of the country—the South—that they're ceding, by breaking it down into component pools.

He gives Louisiana as an example: Bush won the state last year by 283,413 votes. Using Mudcat math, that means the Dems would have to turn around 142,000 votes of the two million cast (pool one), while also courting the one million eligible voters who didn't vote (pool two). After hitting the one million or so hunters and sportsmen (pool three), the one quarter of the rural voters living below the poverty line (pool four), and active and retired military personnel (pool five), tailoring a pitch to each, all of a sudden winning 142,000 new votes seems rather manageable. Democrats, however, have written off these regions altogether, which Jarding can't understand. "This is not heavy math," he says. "That is how we did it in Virginia and won."

Back in Mudcat's Roanoke living room, the hour is late, and the political handicapping is underway. Surprisingly, Mudcat is rather bullish on Hillary Clinton's prospects, saying that while other Republicans and Democrats will "be banging on the left and right rails" throughout their primaries, it's in her interest to run down the center all the way through, meaning she'd have a leg up on the general election.

I ask him if she could make inroads with the Bubbas, since her "Sooey!" calls at Razorback football games when she was first lady of Arkansas probably won't cut much ice. Wouldn't Bubba rather hit her with rotten fruit than see her name on a stock car?

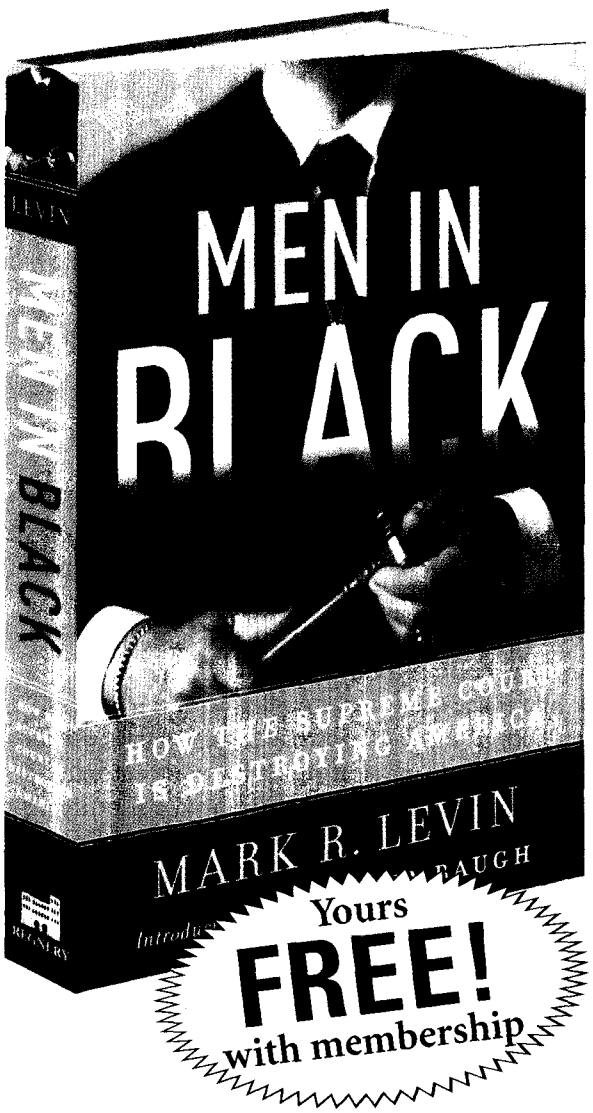
"But why couldn't she?" asks Mudcat. Bubba doesn't need to know you're one of him, he just needs to know you appreciate him. She already swung enough in upstate New York to become senator. And after all, he says, Bubbas aren't just southerners. "What is Pennsylvania?" he asks. "It's Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and it's Alabama in the middle."

It's time to start looking at things differently, just as he wants me to, when he abruptly pops out of his chair, saying, "I almost forgot your keepsake." He runs outside, then comes back in, flinging an empty box of Raisinets in my lap. Taped to the box on Waylon Jennings's old stationery (given to him by Jennings's widow Jessi Colter, a personal friend) is an inscription from Mudcat that says, "One box of Mudcat's Deer S—."

For half an hour or so, he glories in my humiliation. Then he turns things serious: "It's one of the most frustrating things for me in my life. I can make you believe I ate deer s—. But I can't get northeastern Democrats to believe they can get through the culture of the South." ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They've done more harm to America than Dan Rather, Barbra Streisand, Martin Sheen, John Kerry and both Clintons combined...



"Mark Levin proves once again why I call him 'The Great One.' He describes a Supreme Court that is out of control and out of order. Men in Black *is a modern conservative classic."*

—Sean Hannity, nationally syndicated talk show host and co-host of the FOX News Channel's *Hannity & Colmes*

From same-sex marriage, illegal immigration, and economic socialism to partial-birth abortion, political speech, and terrorists' "rights," judges have abused their constitutional mandate by imposing their personal prejudices and beliefs on the rest of society. No radical political movement has been more effective in undermining our system of government than the judiciary. And we, the people, need not stand for it.

In the *New York Times* bestseller, ***Men in Black***, radio talk show host and legal scholar Mark R. Levin dissects the judicial tyranny that is robbing us of our freedoms and stuffing the ballot box in favor of liberal policies.

If you've ever wondered why — no matter who holds political power — American society always seems to drift to the left, Mark Levin has the answer: the black-robed justices of the Supreme Court, subverting democracy in favor of their own liberal agenda.

By joining Conservative Book Club's conservative community, you can get this new blockbuster FREE!

Benefits of Membership and How the Book Club Works

INSTANT SAVINGS! Join today and get *Men in Black* absolutely FREE, plus shipping and handling. Then take up to one year to buy two more books at regular low Club prices (20-50% below retail). After you have paid for your books, your Membership can be ended by you or the Club. Plus you will also get the opportunity to buy from our list of Superbargain books that the Club regularly offers. These books are offered at 70-90% discounts!! (Sorry, Superbargain books don't count toward your book commitment).

SHOP-AT-HOME CONVENIENCE! *Up to 16 times a year you will receive* the Club Bulletin packed with the kind of books you will want to read and own. Each Bulletin will describe a Featured Selection chosen just for our Members. Also included are a number of alternate selections about politics, religion, history, homeschooling, investing, and other areas of interest to conservatives.

CBC ONLINE! You can now read about and conveniently order CBC books from our website at www.conservativebookclub.com. Same discounts apply, of course. And, with regularly scheduled live chats with our authors and members-only bulletin board, you can keep up with the conservative community on a range of important issues.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! If you are not completely satisfied with any book, return it and receive a complete credit. Plus you will always have at least ten days to make your decision to receive the Featured Selection. If you ever have less than ten days, you simply return the book at Club expense for a full credit. One Membership per household please.

☑ **YES!** Please enroll me as a member of the Conservative Book Club under the terms outlined in this ad. Send ***Men in Black*** for **FREE** and bill me just for the shipping and handling. I then need to buy only two additional books over the next year at regularly discounted Club prices (20-50% off retail).

C1372-AZ

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Email _____

• *Prices slightly higher in Canada* • *Membership subject to approval by the Conservative Book Club*

Fill out this coupon and mail to:

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB®
Conservatives Serving Conservatives for 40 Years

1147 **P.O. Box 97196, Washington, DC 20090-7196** 6606

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tutor Brann and student

Greek Books, American Life

The wisdom of Eva Brann, tutor and philosopher By Harvey Mansfield

Let us celebrate Eva Brann, the kind old lady of St. John's College. St. John's is the Great Books school (actually two schools, in Annapolis and Santa Fe) where high thinking is carried on with democratic courtesies. The students address one another in class, not only the professor, and the professors are called "tutors." But above the *polloi* and the *oligoi* (the many and the few—at St. John's everyone learns Greek) is one person who inspires them all, sitting in the invisible throne of an unofficial monarch. Once this was the great philosopher and historian of mathematics Jacob Klein, but since his death in 1978, his successor in that post has been a remarkable woman, Eva Brann.

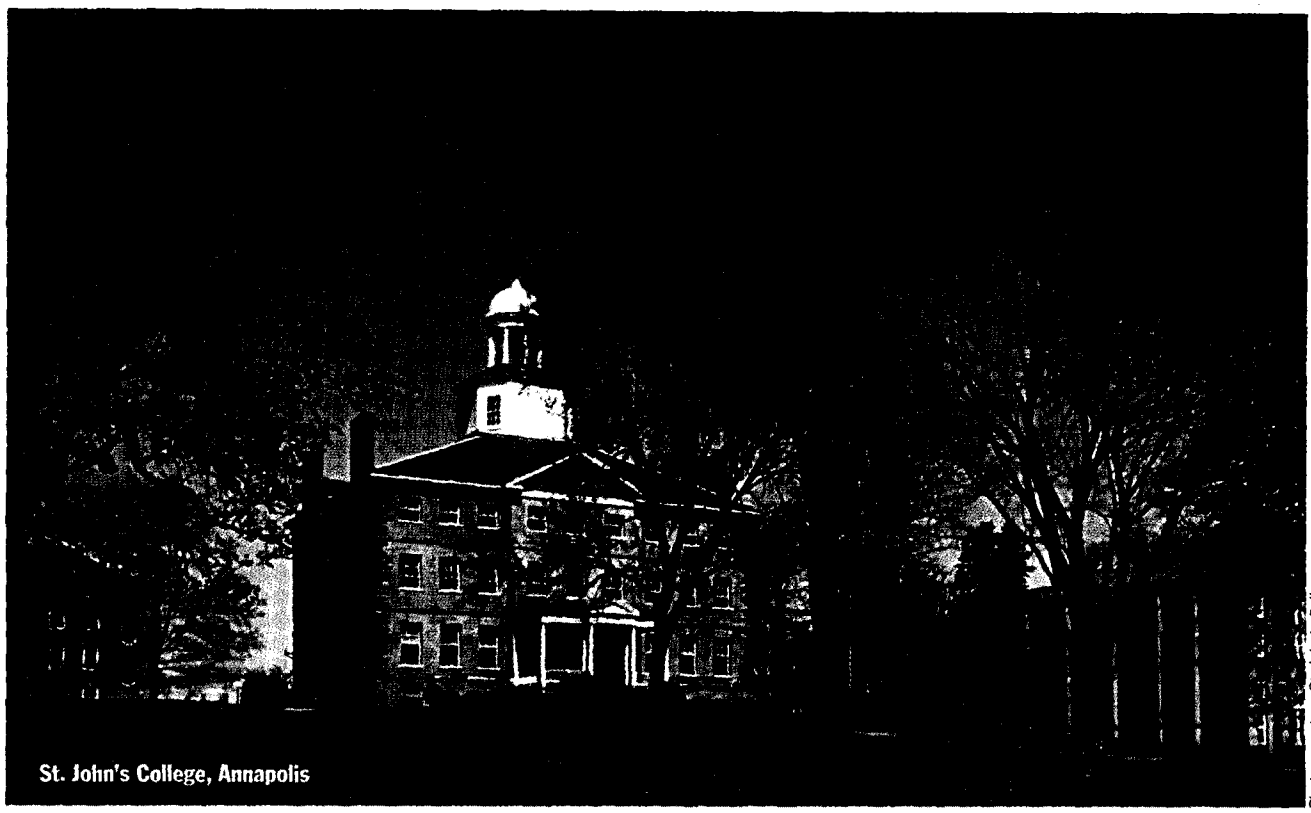
Harvey Mansfield is the William R. Kenan Jr. professor of government at Harvard.

In her latest book, *Open Secrets / Inward Prospects: Reflections on World and Soul*, Eva Brann calls herself, not a lady, but "an old woman with an unconscionably young soul." But like her heroine Jane Austen she is a lady without a lady's blind eye. A Jewish immigrant from Berlin, she went to Brooklyn College and studied archaeology at Yale, then came to St. John's and to philosophy, the two together. Her life has been a balance of "leisure wrested from responsibility," of her own thinking and writing as against her teaching and service to her college. For awhile, from 1990-1997, she occupied a visible throne as Dean, but in her spare time—truly, her busy time—she has produced a high pile of publications: a book on Homer, another on Plato's *Republic*, a tome on *The World of the Imagination*, a treatise on Time and one on "No" (*The Ways of Naysaying; No, Not, Nothing, and Nonbeing*), a collection of essays and lectures (*The Past-Present*), together with an earlier book, *The Paradoxes of Education in a Republic*.

Open Secrets / Inward Prospects
Reflections on World and Soul
by Eva Brann
Paul Dry, 380 pp., $24.95

Open Secrets / Inward Prospects is a book of thoughts of one who thinks about everything. Such a person has a fascinating double life, says Tutor Brann, one implicit like us and the other explicit for people like her. Her life is not apart from ours but layered over it. Philosophy for her is not a profession with its own methods, its own lingo, its own ethics abstracted from ordinary life. The philosopher looks at everything, and especially at every-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



St. John's College, Annapolis

Photos courtesy St. John's College

thing human, but she sees better than the rest of us living with the same things. Visiting Colonial Williamsburg, for example, she ponders the fact that the guides dressed in period costume must have on modern underwear. Considering archaeological museums, she wonders about the confusion of future archaeologists when they dig in the dust of our civilization: Won't they mix up our pots—the ones we made—with those we dug?

Tutor Brann is a happy American. She is not attracted to the life "of those Greeks of mine," with their garlic breath and bad teeth. It's their "incomparable writings" that she prizes, that she wants to discuss with her fellow Americans. This strange combination of American life and Greek books may serve us as the theme of a review of a book apparently without a theme. For Brann invites her readers to read fitfully: "Open anywhere and if it irks you try another page." She doesn't say "turn on the TV," but still the instruction sounds more like American self-indulgence than Socrates.

Americans live softly, she remarks, but they "face death better than those sitting on the sharp edge" who want to reform our self-indulgence. What a blessed life we have, where "fears are worse than facts!" America is a "made country" as opposed to the "museum-countries" of Europe, but this does not prevent it from attaining a certain artificial but unpolished ordinariness that is not fake. America can descend to philistinism but also ascend to "humane grandeur." Brann takes "wicked pleasure" in observing the innocence of students who read Nietzsche as if he were as nice as they are. It is just what Nietzsche deserves. The students' "all-American balm" neutralizes "all that nervously nasty transatlantic subtlety."

Our American shallowness is spelled out in Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, with its "politically usable and intellectually dubious truths." The truths that Jefferson declared with "passionately rational certitude" were made politically usable by Madison, a much wiser man who did not share Jefferson's certitude. The cause responsible for our peace, liberty, and prosperity is our Madisonian constitution, "that miracle of modernity." She means, I think, the miracle that such beneficial politics should emerge from the dubious truths of modernity.

Modernity is discussed in the central chapter of this supposedly disordered book. Modernity, we are told, comes from *modo*, meaning "just now." Modernity is about novelty, the constant reworking of nature into concepts, making, or as we say, "creating," a "thingless perceptual after-world." One of these concepts is human equality, from which can come conformity, relativism, and individualism—the last being, by a miracle, the goal of our Constitution. The Constitution has "a large-minded liberality of governance" that sets limits so as to contain humans, but sets them widely so as to give them space. The "contrived newness" or "systematic production of novelty" characteristic of modernity elevates method over substance, and reason over nature. It works well for us in politics, in procedural democracy, which is "our political salvation," but it leaves us vulnerable to "eager beaver" intellectuals and academics who want to reform us.

Much of the danger comes with modern psychology that replaces soul with self. When Socrates urges "Know thyself," he means that you must learn to know the common human soul within yourself, not the peculiar disposition of your self. When, instead of learning about your endowment, you get to know your peculiarities, you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

start to look and soon find some excuse for them. You give up the idea of self-control and give yourself over to expert control from outside, from experts in human vagaries that have been declared no longer to be sins. And what do the experts say? They urge experimentation with yourself as if you were a scientist testing a new hypothesis on a subject. A scientific experiment of this sort cannot fail because a negative result is still something positive learned, but a spell of what is touted as "experimentation" on your soul can wreck your life.

Our principle has become Just-Now. Nobody can live by that principle consistently, and so nobody should try to do so. It's crazy to live all the time in your own time, regarding the past as a junkyard. You can instead choose to live with discrimination in the modern age, rejecting the idea of any historical necessity to stay within your zeitgeist. While the modern hurtles ahead toward the postmodern—and that very name shows that both modern and postmodern are clueless about what lies in the future—you can watch TV and rejoice in the good fortune of being an American. At the same time you can send your children to St. John's College.

Well, that is a friendly gibe. It means only that Tutor Brann wants you to recognize that there is no alternative principle to Just-Now. At least for the present. A good education, if you manage to get one, will teach you to distrust modernity but not to reject it. Our modern Constitution allows you to be critical even of modernity. It gives you the opportunity to learn about the soul, where modernity is to be distrusted. But it would be a good idea to hold fast to the Constitution, which is modern and based on the self.

It goes without saying that American higher education, always trumpeting the goal of diversity, takes no notice of the diversity it already has—think of St. John's—and that devotees of feminism, always on the lookout for disregarded heroines, overlook superior women living modest lives under our very noses, like Eva Brann. ♦

True Lies

A failed reporter and a successful murderer join forces.

BY IRA BOUDWAY

In February 2002 Michael Finkel was fired from the *New York Times Magazine* for creating a composite character in a story about child laborers on chocolate plantations in West Africa. To shield himself from the embarrassment that would follow, Finkel retreated to his home in Bozeman, Montana, where he planned to ignore all phone calls and correspondence. The night before the *Times* made his dismissal public in an editor's note on page A3, Finkel received a call from a newspaper reporter in Oregon. The reporter, it turned out, knew nothing of the scandal at the *Times*.

True Story
Murder, Memoir, Mea Culpa
by Michael Finkel
HarperCollins, 320 pp., $25.95

"I'm calling," he told Finkel, "about the murders." A fugitive named Christian Longo, wanted for killing his wife and three children, had been captured in Mexico where he had assumed the identity of Michael Finkel of the *New York Times*.

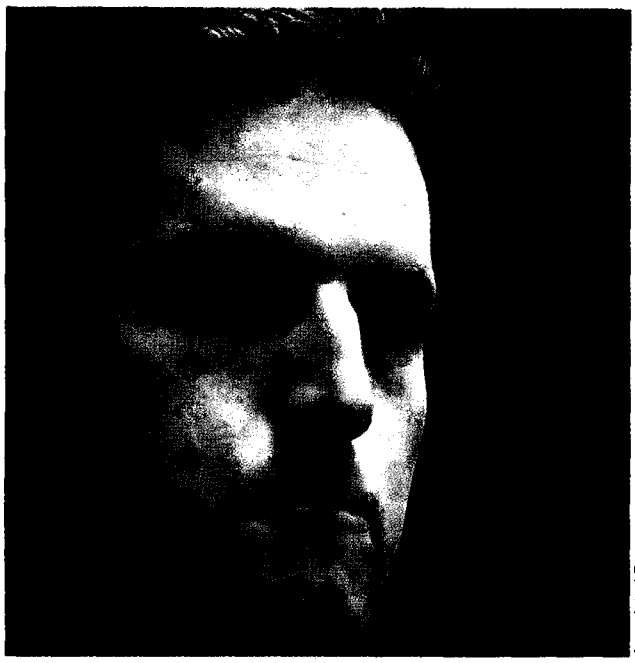
Finkel realized almost immediately that this bizarre coincidence was "the journalistic equivalent of a winning lottery ticket." Now, with the publication of his memoir, he is ready to cash in. The book weaves the history of Finkel's downfall at the *Times* with the story of Longo, a man whose preternaturally ruthless dishonesty makes Finkel's lapse seem paltry. Finkel could hardly have fabricated a more convenient character: "[F]rom the moment the *Oregonian* reporter had called," Finkel writes, "I'd had a vague sense that the beginnings of my redemption, both professional and personal, might somehow lie with Longo."

Two weeks after the reporter's call, Finkel sent Longo a letter. He did not mind, he wrote, that Longo had used his name. In fact, he felt "somewhat honored," and wanted Longo to contact him. A month later, Longo called from the Lincoln County Jail. Soon he and Finkel were exchanging letters and talking on the phone once a week. The relationship formed around their mutual needs: Longo wanted someone who would tell his story. Finkel, his reputation ruined, wanted exclusive access. In his letters, Finkel called their collaboration "the Chris and Mike Project." The necessarily tainted friendship that developed between them will be familiar to those who have read Janet Malcolm's *The Journalist and the Murderer*, which chronicles the collaboration between Joe McGinniss and another infamous family slayer, Jeffrey MacDonald.

The bulk of *True Story* is based upon Longo's epistolary narration of his own life. As a boy of 16 in Ypsilanti, Michigan, he fell in love with a 23-year-old, devout Jehovah's Witness named Mary Jane Baker. His parents, also Jehovah's Witnesses, disapproved. Longo moved away from home and, three years later, he and Mary Jane were married. During the next eight years, in the course of three aborted career attempts, Longo consistently spent more money than he made. Mary Jane, meanwhile, gave birth to a son and two daughters. When his debts caught up to him, Longo forged thousands of dollars in checks and, among other swindles, stole a minivan from a dealership lot. Later, with the police on his trail, he fled to the coast of Oregon with his

Ira Boudway is a writer in New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Associated Press

HarperCollins

Christian Longo (left), Michael Finkel

family. In 2001, about a week before Christmas, he murdered Mary Jane and their three children. He put his wife and two-year-old daughter in weighted suitcases and dropped them in the bay outside their apartment. The two older children were found in a nearby pond. Longo had tied a rock to the ankle of each with bed sheets, and then dropped them from a highway overpass.

This grimy, true-crime tale is not worth the hundreds of pages Finkel devotes to it. Though Finkel works hard to maintain the slimmest measure of doubt, Longo's guilt is never really in question. He had, after all, fled to Mexico and taken up a false identity immediately following the death of his family. For those willing to slog through Longo's narcissistic version of the story, there is an especially ugly twist in the murder trial, but even this is telegraphed pages in advance. Once we have gauged the depth of Longo's depravity, he can do nothing to shock us.

Yet Longo did not choose Finkel's identity haphazardly. He had followed Finkel's writing in *Skiing* magazine, *National Geographic Adventure*, and the *Times Magazine*. He had long fantasized about being, if not *the* Michael Finkel, then *a* Michael Finkel—a freelance adventurer and a success.

"You have a writing style," he told Finkel, "that I wasn't embarrassed to call my own." (Longo's opinion of Finkel's prose is justified; he writes in compact sentences that move at an easy, conversational pace.) While the Longo that appears in the pages of *True Story* is not a sympathetic character, the real Longo (now on death row) will likely be gratified to meet his own image in Finkel's prose.

Finkel, for his part, strains to control the damage done to his reputation. Though he confesses to being a practiced liar ("I even planted an empty condom wrapper beneath my college-dorm bed so that whoever spotted it would think I'd been having sex") and a thoroughgoing egoist whose success at the *Times* had made him "frenzied and rude and cocky," Finkel's self-revelations seem calculated to engender sympathy for their sincerity. He presents himself, moreover, as being reformed by his experiences, but there is little reason to trust him after watching as he carefully entices Longo and then, not wanting to be tainted by the murderer's brutality, recoils in disgust and hatred.

As for the fabricated *Times* story, Finkel is more or less willing to fall on his sword. Still, the *Times* does not come away smelling rosy. Finkel reports that he had gone to West Africa to do a story about child slaves but had come away convinced that, while the poverty on the plantations was dire, the slavery claim was a concoction of relief agencies—one that many journalists, eager for a ready-made story, had been lapping up. His editor, however, was uninterested in "yet another story accusing the media of getting everything wrong." She encouraged him to write a profile of a single worker that would convey the complexities he was describing.

"Go literary," she told him. And so he did. Finkel writes that his own mania and arrogance made him feel above the rules of journalism, but he also describes the *Times* as a place where mania and arrogance were the rule.

There is, to say the least, a moral queasiness about the whole project of *True Story*. Two repulsive personalities—one an egoist, the other a fantasist—have collaborated to tell the story that is fondest to both, the story of becoming and then ceasing to be Michael Finkel of the *New York Times*. Better for them, and for what's left of Mary Jane Baker's family, that the book had never been written. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORBIS / H. Heintges

Birds Gotta Sing

Science explains what everyone assumes.

BY ROBERT WINKLER

Why do birds sing? The short answer is, to establish territories and attract mates. To David Rothenberg, a philosophy professor at the New Jersey Institute of Technology and a jazz clarinetist, that standard scientific explanation doesn't adequately explain why bird songs are often more complex and more beautiful than they need to be to ensure continuation of the species. He decided to write this book after a thrush native to Southeast Asia made him suspect there was more to the story.

Why Birds Sing
A Journey Into the Mystery of Bird Song
by David Rothenberg
Basic, 258 pp., $26

This happened early one morning at the National Aviary in Pittsburgh, when Rothenberg and an artist friend, a flutist, entered the Rainforest Room and began to play along with the songs of awakening birds. They jam with birds because, as Rothenberg later explains, "One animal's song reaches out to another. When music starts to happen *between* humans and birds, you don't have to peel apart the categories of *manmade* and *natural*. . . . As in the hottest jam session, it doesn't matter who's from where . . . it's the *sound* that counts."

A robin-size bird seemed particularly interested in the sounds coming from Rothenberg's clarinet. The bird cocked his head, hopped around as if dancing, and produced rhythmic calls and short melodies that counterpointed Rothenberg's riffs. Unsure whether he was in a duet or a musical battle, Rothenberg was nonetheless enthralled. Was this strange bird—a white-crested laughing thrush, according to the aviary's cleaning lady—sending him a message?

Rothenberg starts to wonder whether birds sing not only because they can, but also because they enjoy it. Are they making music? Or does it all really come down to science, to that deadly serious business of outcompeting rivals and securing mates?

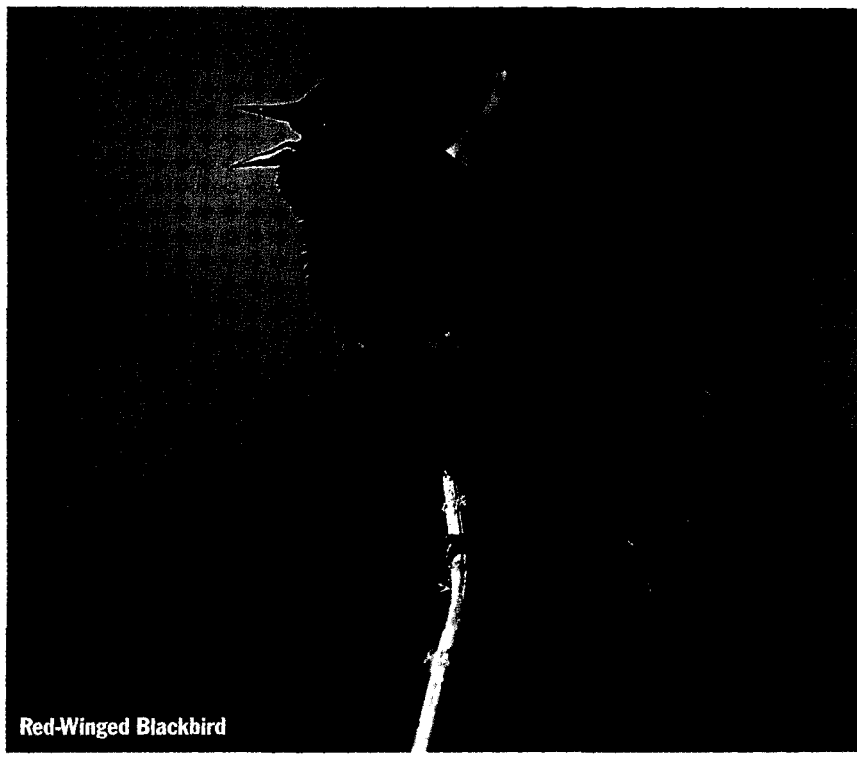
Although the aesthete in me wants to believe that birds are true musicians, the amateur ornithologist in me questioned whether a man who jams with birds could manage a serious investigation into the musical aspects of avian bioacoustics, if indeed they exist. My skepticism grew when I took a careful look at the full-page illustration of the bird purported to inspire *Why Birds Sing*. Opposite page one, and labeled "The Laughing Thrush," this illustration actually depicts a Eurasian jay. Rothenberg's philosophical credentials tempered my doubts somewhat. Perhaps the only other book to delve deeply into the provocative realm of bird songs as music was the well-regarded *Born to Sing*, written in 1973 by Charles Hartshorne, himself a philosopher.

Rothenberg's book is more readable than Hartshorne's. It is also informed by recent research on bird songs, including that of Donald Kroodsma, whose own *Singing Life of Birds* came out earlier this year (and whose work on bird-song repertoires and dialects figures prominently in the recent *Birdsong: A Natural History* by Don Stap). "I've studied bird song for more than forty years, but I don't know a thing at all about music," Kroodsma once told Rothenberg. "Perhaps it's time to change that."

Poring through the literature of scientists, naturalists, poets, and composers, Rothenberg searches "desperately" for what might be called a unified theory, one that could bring the Walt Whitmans and Donald Kroodsmas of the world into perfect harmony over the question of why birds sing. He never finds it. Why not? The short answer is, a unified theory implies con-

Robert Winkler is the author of Going Wild: Adventures with Birds in the Suburban Wilderness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Red-Winged Blackbird

CORBIS / Darrel Gulin

clusions provable by science, and as Rothenberg comes to realize, this kind of knowledge remains beyond our grasp.

I suspect that Rothenberg sees rather quickly the futility of searching for a unified theory, yet he persists because the art and science of bird song turn out to be so tantalizing. Paradoxically, many readers who start *Why Birds Sing* as skeptics will come away from Rothenberg's sweeping and personalized survey convinced that birds create music and enjoy doing so, despite the absence of scientific proof.

So what if science hasn't caught up with what some people know to be true intuitively? Until this year, scientific consensus said that the ivory-billed woodpecker was extinct. The last scientifically credible sighting had been in 1944. Now and then some "amateur" would claim to have seen an ivory bill, and though such sightings continued through the decades, almost all were discounted. That's why you can't find the ivory bill in the field guides of David Sibley and Kenn Kaufman, who represent the latest generation in field guide authorship. Now that the amateurs have proven to be correct, such books are due for a significant revision.

This is not to say that Rothenberg is an amateur when it comes to the science of bird song. On the contrary, this clarinetist of the woods soon defies the tree-hugging stereotype he flirts with in Chapter 1. The scientific side of his exhaustive study begins with Darwin's theory of natural selection. According to Rothenberg, Darwin had trouble explaining the evolutionary advantage of extremely complex and musical bird songs, such as that of the mockingbird (Rothenberg's favorite songster). "These are not obviously useful adaptations," observes Rothenberg. "If they are the result of years of selection, there must be something other than mere efficiency at work in nature."

Darwin's successors have offered explanations of their own—Amotz Zahavi's handicap principle, for example. Why does the male mockingbird perform a long and elaborate song, one that may borrow from the repertoire of every other bird species in the neighborhood? Because by "handicapping" himself in this way, he exhibits the qualities that female mockingbirds prefer. His musical variety and his stamina send a signal that helps him find a mate.

Rothenberg distrusts the handicap principle and any other scientific hypothesis that makes beautiful songs seem almost incidental to the lives of birds. He also distrusts science's preoccupation with quantifying things; "It wants to measure the degree of complexity in a song, the number of motifs, the sheer length, the amount of variation, all tabulated, an asymptotic curve flattening out to a limit."

On the other hand, Rothenberg isn't convinced that poets have gotten any closer to the truth. "Bird song challenges science and art alike to extend their reach," he says. I'm reminded of what Ben Hecht wrote toward the end of his autobiography: "To think like a dog, or even a goose, would be a decided advantage to any writer. He would be observing life without human confusion, and bound to find some wonderful news."

Rothenberg's antidote to the confusion is another jam session, but this time he and his flutist friend from Pittsburgh travel to a dark forest in Australia. Armed with only their instruments and a tape recorder, they park themselves in the territory of a wild Albert's lyrebird known as George. Males of this species dance around and display a large and colorful lyre-shaped tail when they sing, and, like the mockingbird, they mimic the songs of other birds.

George does not disappoint. Like the white-crested laughing thrush, he seems to respond to the human musicians. While Rothenberg plays along, he's flooded with memories of the years of research that brought him to this amphitheater of tangled underbrush and fallen trees. He tries to make some sense of it all in the book's final chapter, "Becoming a Bird," itself an improvisation that switches between his breathless woodland gig and ruminations on what he's learned. He reproduces the sonogram that graphs the tape recording of his clarinet and George's voice, triumphantly labeling it "Interspecies Music at Last."

The confusion lingers, but maybe this "gift of the song" is enough—"one simple offering from human to animal and back." ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men About Town

Toulouse-Lautrec and friends on exhibition.

BY CYNTHIA GRENIER

Say what you will, there is a kind of exquisite irony about the record-breaking show of "Toulouse-Lautrec and Montmartre" at Washington's National Gallery having Time Warner as its corporate sponsor. The more than 340 works created primarily by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec include not merely paintings, drawings, and sculpture, but posters, prints, zinc silhouettes from the Chat Noir shadow plays and printed matter such as illustrated invitations, song sheets, advertisements, and admission tickets. Work from his distinguished predecessors, Edgar Degas and Edouard Manet; his contemporaries, Pierre Bonnard, Vincent Van Gogh, and Pablo Picasso—not to mention poster artists such as Jules Chéret—admirably complement the exhibit.

The irony lies in the fact that by the time of the artists represented in this exhibition, French society had become notoriously corrupt, extending through all levels, including government ministers. The press often depended on kickbacks and under-the-counter payments in return for favorable coverage. Much of this illicit income resulted from posters promoting one commercial product or another plastered over the walls of towns and cities throughout France. In the early years of the 19th century, Balzac declared that the occupation of journalists was such that it was no more possible to emerge pure from that profession than from a brothel.

This very handsome show should be viewed with some sense of the times in which the art works were being created. France was barely recovering from the humiliation of having lost the 1870-71 Franco-Prussian war. (Montmartre was also the site of the "Bloody Week" of May 1871, during which 25,000 Parisians were killed by government troops putting down the Commune, a memory still very much alive a decade or so later.) The national mood was one of depression, cynicism, and despair, a state of spirit that would eventually lead to another devastating defeat at the hands of the Germans in 1940.

Little wonder, then, that despair and a sense of futility ran as something of a constant through French life during those years. Which may be why a kind of bitterness and cynicism is reflected in so many of the brilliantly executed works in this dazzling exhibit. Dancing girls may kick their heels high, smiling broadly, but you do not feel any real joy in their performance.

The exhibition is being presented as—in the words of the press release for the handsome, 308-page Princeton University Press catalogue—"a lavish celebration of the decadent glamour of

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, "Divan Japonais" (1893)

Cynthia Grenier writes the Mag Trade *column for the* Washington Times.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Montmartre." The National Gallery opened a special Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition shop crammed not merely with reproductions of the artwork—calendars, postcards, a thousand-piece puzzle—but also such items as long black silk gloves, such as those worn by the chanteuse Yvette Gilbert in some of the artist's best-known posters and paintings.

As for the exhibition itself, the artwork on display is incontestably of the very first order. Toulouse-Lautrec was a superb draftsman, and an exceedingly popular one, from his own day to the present. Time was in this country when every self-respecting college student would have at least one or two Lautrec reproductions (usually of the posters) proudly fixed to his/her dormitory wall as a required icon, a testimonial to sophistication.

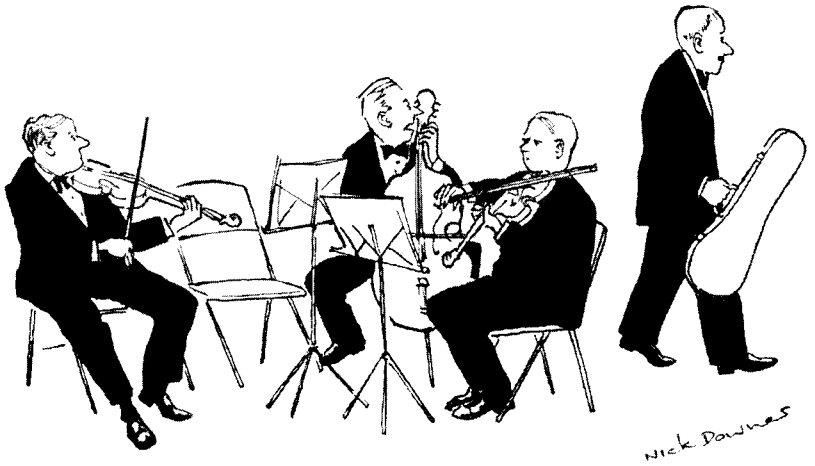
Pablo Picasso, "The Moulin de la Galette" (1900)

What is interesting now to consider is how this all represents an exclusively man's world. Montmartre's night life at the turn of the 20th century was one oriented to the male and his pleasures. At that time, decent women—proper, respectable bourgeois wives or single women—did not frequent dance halls, café concerts, or cabarets. The women portrayed in the paintings, engravings, and drawings are all creatures of the demi-monde of that day: cocottes, prostitutes, entertainers, performers of all sorts, and those dregs of society barely subsisting on drink and a life of degradation. (Not that much earlier, the Roman Catholic Church did not permit people of the theater to be buried in consecrated ground.)

This portrait of a decadent man's world of a century ago is being presented to Americans today by one of this country's largest corporations dedicated to, *inter alia*, the promotion of popular culture. It would be nice to think that our age may yet produce cultural commentators as gifted as Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and his peers.

("Toulouse-Lautrec and Montmartre" will be on view at the National Gallery of Art through this week, and at the Art Institute of Chicago during July 16-October 10.) ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Fred, you're too allegro."

Books in Brief

***Euro Deco: Graphic Design Between the Wars* by Steven Heller and Louise Fili (Chronicle, 500 pp., $35)** Exactly 80 years ago, a great design exposition in Paris launched the movement that today is generally known as Art Deco. Almost 40 years after the first responsible studies of the subject as an art-historical topic, publications about this interwar style continue to proliferate.

Steven Heller, a senior art director at the *New York Times*, and Louise Fili, a New York graphic designer, have now given us *Euro Deco*, an illustrated survey of graphic design in the Art Deco manner from France, Italy, Germany, Spain, Holland, and Britain. As Heller explains in the introduction, this book is a collection of condensed materials from six out-of-print books by the same publisher.

In pictorial terms, the book is first-rate work, but its conceptual basis and historical commentary could have been better. Very little German work from the Nazi period is presented, and this is unfortunate. Heller and Fili believe that this omission is actually justified: "While the Nazi party did produce a graphic identity system and visual propaganda campaigns that were unmatched in history," the authors write, "overall German Gebrauchsgraphik was reduced to a cliché. By the outbreak of World War II, whatever remained of German Modern was dead." But this statement is an overgeneralization. Unpleasant as the fact may be, the Third Reich produced some notable graphic design in the Art Deco idiom: the airbrush poster art of Ludwig Hohlwein, for instance, so comparable in its streamlined aesthetics to the work of George Petty in the United States.

In the case of Italy, the Fascist influence in graphic design is explored at length. But the text could have used more editing. "Image was the heart of Fascist politics," the authors proclaim—and this airy observation is matched by a number of others that are equally jejune or sophomoric. "If modernism equals progress and progress equals communication, then modernism equals communication," the authors state. This is meant to pass for cultural commentary, one supposes.

This book is a fine coffee table item, but its value as scholarship is limited. Quotations lack a footnote apparatus. There is no index. But the visual appeal of the book is overwhelming, and the diligent work that assembled these images deserves a strong commendation.

—Richard Striner

***An Imaginative Whig: Reassessing the Life and Thought of Edmund Burke*, edited by Ian Crowe (University of Missouri Press, 247pp., $44.95)** Books on Edmund Burke by American academic historians published over the last 30 years tend to be bad. There are books on how Burke was really a proto-Marxist, a radical revolutionary, a pent-up homosexual. It is unfortunate that by and large the only people who seem capable of adequately handling Burke are scholars whose fundamental views on politics and government are broadly in keeping with Burke's own.

But interpreting the great man's writings in a way that brings some measure of insight to current political questions is not easy, even assuming an accurate and sympathetic understanding. Burke was not primarily a philosopher but a politician whose most important ideas are found in speeches and occasional writings rather than in systematic treatises. Moreover, while the relevance of his counter-revolutionary writings for the West's struggle against communism was critical, the contributors to Ian Crowe's collection of essays, *An Imaginative Whig*, have tried to consider Burke in light of more recent debates.

These essays are clearly written and come to their point in a reasonable space. Especially valuable is Bruce Frohnen's discussion of the way in which history and circumstance rather than abstract ideals informed Burke's understanding of international human rights. There are excellent essays by the historian Jonathan Clark and the literary scholar F.P. Lock. Harvey Mansfield's essay on whether and to what degree Burke's conservatism urged compromise with the "unfailing unwisdom" of the moderns is alone worth the price of the book.

—Barton Swaim

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parody

"The Conference notes that . . . traditional Sami culture and livelihood depend on primary economic activities, such as reindeer husbandry in the traditional areas of Sami settlement."
—E.U. Constitution, Declaration on the Sami people

"Lithuania . . . has committed to close Unit 1 of the Ignalina nuclear power plant before 2005 and unit 2 by 2009."
—E.U. Constitution, Declaration on the Ignalina nuclear power plant in Lithuania

REVISED EUROPEAN CONSTITUTION
DRAFT 47: PROPOSED ADDENDA

Declaration 253: Treatment of livestock must be humane. This regulation does not include the Slovenian Goat Shaving Festival. However, the Baltic game of "catball" must be discontinued.

Declaration 342A: The Conference notes that residents of Saint-Flour appreciate the central location and pleasant dining atmosphere of Bistro Michelle (on rue d'Argenson) and that their Moules à la diable is a must-try. Any harvested mussels may continue to be purchased tax-free from M. Dujac's 8-year-old son, Jean-Paul, provided that Jean-Paul goes and retrieves them on the beach and doesn't pull another middle-man maneuver between the restaurant and the shop Monde des Moules.

Declaration 589: The European Union's national anthem will remain Beethoven's "Ode to Joy." No exceptions.

Declaration 589A: Residents of Berlin may substitute for "Ode to Joy" the song "Elektrisches Roulette" by Kraftwerk.

Declaration 674: While reaffirming the importance of continent-wide recycling, the Conference accepts that Anke de Hooeg of Staphorst "will be damned" if she has to separate her waste paper "into 50 different goddamn containers." In the case of Ms. de Hooeg, local authorities will accept her statement "I do *one* bag of paper, *uno*" as an acceptable level of compliance.

Declaration 842: The 10-based number system shall be revised to a binary system. The eventual goal will be to streamline down to a unary system. Until 2070, Macedonia must use hex.

Declaration 847: The Conference recognizes the faith of Portugal's Escárnio people in the curative powers of imbibing mercury and permits the practice to continue. Television advertisements featuring "doctors" selling the metal will not be permitted before 11 p.m. or after 5 a.m.

Declaration 722: The government of France retains sole rights to the licensing and manufacture of *Villepin: A Fragrance for Men.*

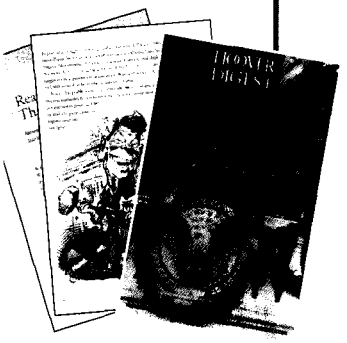
Declaration 963: On some days, Denmark may be tired and irritable. Leave it alone.

Declaration 1552: The Conference notes that it will find a way to screw Finland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homeless No More?

HOOVER DIGEST
RESEARCH AND OPINION ON PUBLIC POLICY



FREE ISSUE

Receive a complimentary issue of the latest Digest without obligation.

Call 800.935.2882 or visit www.hooverdigest.org

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

A recent Gallup Poll found that "nearly two-thirds of Americans are concerned about hunger and homelessness in the nation." Such widespread unease has the attention of public officials from city mayors up to the president, and they are lining up to address the homeless issue. Over the past year, communities in every state have joined with the federal government on a national initiative to end chronic homelessness in ten years.

The chronically homeless make up just 10 percent of the homeless population nationwide but use 50 percent of the sheltering resources and other costly public services such as emergency rooms, detox facilities, jails, and courts. This results from the intensity of the problems experienced—the chronically homeless lack stable housing for long periods of time (often years), frequently suffer from mental illnesses, and begin with or later acquire serious physical disabilities and drug and alcohol addictions.

By targeting the chronically homeless, the Bush administration hopes to solve a finite problem affecting community safety and attractiveness and to free up resources for homeless youth and families. Another motivating factor, backed increasingly by federal dollars, is the emphasis on ending rather than managing homelessness. What sets this "new approach" apart from past efforts?

First, planning to end chronic homelessness brings with it a demand for accurate and detailed information on who is homeless, why, and what services they use. Moreover, it is important to know which programs are successful in ending homelessness. A decade ago, this type of data collection was rarely done—primarily due to opposition among homeless service providers over issues of privacy. Today, the demand for data to verify reductions in the number of homeless and hold programs accountable for results dominates privacy concerns. This is, overall, a positive development that should improve the delivery of housing and services and help eliminate ineffective programs.

Second, we're seeing a reorientation of the role of jails, hospitals, welfare programs, and the foster care system in preventing homelessness for those no longer under their care. Efforts are under way to coordinate discharges and place clients directly into transitional or permanent housing, thereby reducing the probability of their becoming homeless. This too is a useful idea but one that may be more difficult to implement considering the limited resources of mainstream public services and their tendency to resist change.

Third, the task of ending chronic homelessness has elevated the provision of permanent support services housing above emergency shelter remedies. By linking housing with on-site counseling, substance abuse treatment, and health care, the heavy use of public services is reduced. **Proponents of supportive housing see a comprehensive and permanent fix to chronic homelessness for little or no additional cost, which has communities across the country energized.** This may be an instance, however, where more is promised than can be delivered.

Will we end chronic homelessness in ten years? No. But the changes now under way in cities both large and small will move us closer to this goal.

—Jeffrey M. Jones

Jeffrey M. Jones is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

HOOVER INSTITUTION

. . . ideas defining a free society

Hoover Institution Stanford University Stanford, CA 94305-6010 Tel: 877.466.8374 Fax: 650.723.1687 info@hoover.stanford.edu www.hoover.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARIJUANA AND YOUR TEEN'S MENTAL HEALTH

Office of National Drug Control Policy

Depression. Suicidal Thoughts. Schizophrenia.

If you have outdated perceptions about marijuana, you might be putting your teen at risk. New research is giving us better insight into the serious consequences of teen marijuana use, especially how it impacts mental health.

Did you know that young people who use marijuana weekly have double the risk of depression later in life?[1] And that teens aged 12 to 17 who smoke marijuana weekly are three times more likely than non-users to have suicidal thoughts?[2]

And if that's not bad enough, marijuana use in some teens has been linked to increased risk for schizophrenia in later years.[3]

Today's teens are smoking a more potent drug[4] and starting use at increasingly younger ages during crucial brain development years.[5] Still think marijuana's no big deal?

Remember, you are the most important influence in your teen's life when it comes to drugs,[6] so tell your teen the facts about marijuana. Teens who learn about the risks from their parents are less likely to smoke marijuana or use other drugs than teens who don't.

Let your teens know you don't want them using marijuana. Their mental health may depend on it.

Signed,

- *American Psychiatric Association*
- *American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry*
- *American Society of Addiction Medicine*
- *Asian Community Mental Health Services*
- *Association for Medical Education and Research in Substance Abuse*
- *Institute for Behavior and Health, Inc.*
- *National Asian American Pacific Islander Mental Health Association*
- *National Association of Addiction Treatment Providers*
- *National Council for Community Behavioral Healthcare*
- *National Latino Behavioral Health Association*
- *National Medical Association*
- *Office of National Drug Control Policy*
- *Partnership for a Drug-Free America*

PAR[illegible]
THE ANT[illegible]
1-800-70[illegible]
www.thean[illegible]

[1]Patton, GC et al. Cannabis use and mental health in young people: cohort study. *British Medical Journal*, 325: 1195–1198, 2002. [2]Greenblatt, J. Adolescent [illegible] behaviors and their association with marijuana use, Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration (SAMHSA), 1998. [3]Arseneault, L et al. Cannabis use in adolescence and risk for adult psychosis: longitudinal prospective study. *British Medical Journal*, 325: 1212–1213, 2002; Veen, N et al. Cannabis use and age at onset of schizophrenia. *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, 161: 501–506, 2004. [4]*Marijuana Potency Monitoring Project. Report No. 83*, University of Mississippi, 2003. [5]SAMHSA. Trends in Initiation of Substance Use, 2003. [6]SAMHSA. Parental Disapproval of Youths' Substance Abuse, 2002.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED